

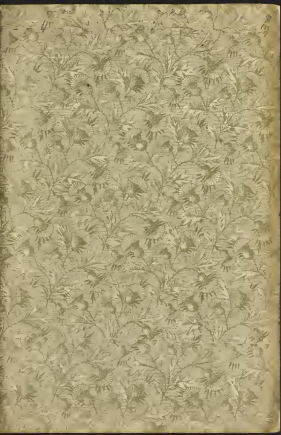


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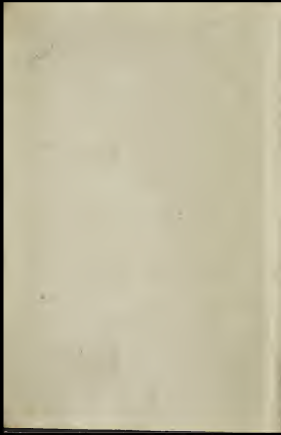
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Thomas Bryant
HISTORY

OF THE

FIRST REGIMENT

Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

— AND —

Company D, Fourteenth Regiment.

BY

CAPT. T. J. BRYANT.

CHICAGO

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Recollections by a Member of the First Illinois Regiment.

BROOKLYN.

Decoration day was observed in our place with the greatest alacrity. After strewing the graves of our honored dead with flowers and wreaths the crowd proceeded to the school yard where they were greeted with a song by the quartet, after which Rev. Bryant delivered a very eloquent address. Excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, was rendered for the occasion; vocal being rendered by the quartet and little girls and instrumental by the martial band of Guinea and the C. and R. band of this place.

PREFACE.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Recollections by a Member of the First Illinois Regiment.

Do we want Mexico? no there is nothing we do not need more. If we could take Mexico with only its aborigines, without the Spaniards, or a drop of Spanish blood, it might be worth considering. Peons, (Indians), who constitute three-quarters of the inhabitants, are active, industrious, modest, peaceful, docile, amiable. It is a common thing to see two tatterdemalions pause on the street and take off their ragged hats to each other, and embrace as fervently as if they were kings. They are said to be afflicted with parasites; but that, perhaps, is because they are attractive and kind to dumb brutes—anyhow, it is a mere incident. I have never met any people so lazy, conceited, cruel, vicious and arrogant as the ruling class in Mexico. They are so conceited and arrogant generally that they look, act and speak as if there were nobody else on the planet worthy of consideration. They are so cruel that every town has its bull fights, dog fights and cock fights; and while a man

usually takes care of his horses on his own account, kindness to animals solely for their sake is almost unknown. They are so vain, and so lazy that they regard work as disgraceful, and I have never known one to carry a parcell of any sort through the street. They do serve as clerks in the city stores; but they are always apologizing even for this, and reminding their friends of the good old days when they were not compelled to submit to humiliation. If one of these varnished youths of Mexico has a book to carry to the next corner, he will hire a servant to carry it for him. A Yankee here tells me:

"When I first went into business in Mexico, I hired a little darky to run of errands for me. I occasionally mislaid my 'mazo' down stairs and wondered where he had gone. One morning, having a horse's bit that needed fixing, I gave it to Jim to take to the blacksmith. Pretty soon I started for home, and pausing on my way, what was my astonishment to see that little darky come strolling past, my groom behind him with the bit. He waited for the groom to come. I stopped him and asked him if he was too proud to carry a bit in hand through the streets. 'Yea, sir!' he said, straightening up. 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll carry it myself.' I did so. In the afternoon I had him paid off and discharged, but I suppose, he got a servant to carry his bundle away for him. He had learned that trick of the white fellows."

This is the first year that ladies, even Americans, could walk through the streets of Mexico alone, in the daytime, without being grossly insulted. They look her straight in the eye and say whatever they please. As to their own wives, they are prisoners always. They are never permitted to walk or ride out for a moment without their husbands, unless the need is very imperative. One call from a gentleman will compromise any married woman in Mexico. It is not believed to be possible that a woman can innocently appear alone upon the street without her husband, or that she can receive a gentleman in her parlor without criminal intent. An American lady who boards at the Hotel Iturbide, tells me of a Spanish-Mexican wife there who, though as well as imprisonment will permit, has not been out of her room once in seven weeks, except to go to church (Confessional doubtless) once on Sundays! Her meals are sent to her. To see American ladies out shopping seems to those tyrants and victims a degrading spectacle.

I wouldn't like to be a young girl in "May-hee-co," as they call this land—or a young fellow, either. It is indecent for them to speak to each other till they have virtually become engaged, or to see each other without the presence of third parties, till they are married. To behold the Mexican youth at his first courtship, gazing lackadaisically up at a brown girl a hundred feet distant on an upper balcony, whom he

has never been permitted to speak to, holding his steed immovable, and gazing up, on his head a colossal hat brade with great ropes and arabesque of gold, on his legs breeches of some fine stuff gorgeous with silver buttons or coins down the legs in double rows, holding his place with unwinking eye an hour at a time, and coming there day after day, week after week, rain or shine, especially rain, drenched to the skin, persistent and passionate—well, I know few more edifying spectacles. In two months, if he is lucky, he will be able to get into the house and sit in the "front room" with the old folks. And in two months more he will marry her and lock her up.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY AT JACKSONVILLE—IT SECURES ITS QUOTA BY A PIECE OF STRATEGY—THE MARCH TO ALTON AND INCIDENTS IN CAMP—ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST REGIMENT—WHO COMPOSED THE FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS—AND WHO WERE THE LINE AND SUBALTERN OFFICERS WITH CHANGES AND PROMOTIONS—BY A PRIVATE OF CO. D., FIRST REGIMENT.

The news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma thrilled the South and Southwest like an electric shot. With the news of these battles came Gov. Ford's call for three regiments of volunteer infantry. My time had

come at last, because from my earliest childhood I had longed to hear drums, wear a uniform and see a battle.

I immediately volunteered, though only sixteen years of age, in the company that was being raised by J. S. Roberts, at Jacksonville, Ill. Jacob Zahrikie was elected First, John L. McConnell Second, and James Dunlap, Third Lieutenant. A company was being raised at Waverly by William (or Buok) Weatherford, a man who had figured in, and gained some notoriety in connection with the Black Hawk war. Joab Wilkison was also raising a company at Bethel, in the same county. Neither his nor Capt. Roberts' company was quite up to the minimum when the day arrived for us to start for Alton, the place of rendezvous, and it was decided that the company that was full at the hour appointed for the start should be accepted and go. The wagons that were to convey the company to be accepted to Alton were drawn up just south of the Public Square, on South Main or St. Louis street. Both companies were formed on the Square at the point where this street intersects it. They were to be marched around the Square and it was generally believed by us that the Wilkison company would disintegrate and enough of them come over to us to fill out our company. From the intersection of South St. Louis street with the Square we started east, not in search of light, but numbers. After we were

in motion Lieut. McCampbell passed along our line and asked us to preserve our organization and when we came back to South St. Louis street to break and take possession of the wagons. The other company preserved its organization, not a man faltered, but when our company reached the designated point and made a break for and took possession of the wagons, the other company stood for a moment in a dazed sort of a way, then about one-third of their number broke away and joined us, and we moved off in triumph for Alton. On our way to Alton we stayed the first night in White Hall. We were off the next morning, by sunrise, and reached Carrollton, where we were received with an address of welcome by Judge Caverly, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and reached Alton just as the sun was going down, and were quartered for the night in an old stone building on Front row, or a row of buildings fronting the wharf or levee.

(The next morning) we were mustered in by Gen. Shields, and marched out to Fryburg and incorporated into the First Regiment of Illinois volunteer infantry, our company being designated as Co. "D," and the music of camp life began in earnest—i. e., the officers began to drill and discipline them. Our muster before Gen. Shields was easy—that is to say, it was not very rigid—but about the 2d of July, Inspector-Gen. Churchill, of the U. S. Army mustered us into the United States service and Capt.

Roberts was rejected on account of a diseased limb. Lieutenant Zahriskie was then promoted to the Captaincy of our company, and the other Lieutenants went up in order, and Samuel Black was

ELECTED THIRD LIEUTENANT.

The Governor appointed Judge James Shields who had hastened home from Washington City to aid in arousing the people to take hold and sustain the National administrations' war policy mustering officer to muster the Illinois' volunteers into the United States service, which he assumed to do, June 15, 1846.

This was not his excellency's province, and the United States war department sent Colonel S. Churchill, Inspector General in the United States army, who mustered us into the United States service on the 25th of June. On the 2d day of July we were organized into a regiment, John J. Hardin was elected Colonel,—there were only two vote cast against him and these votes came from Co. C, Captain William Wetherford of Co. G, was elected Lieutenant Colonel, and William B. Warren was elected Major. All these officers were from Morgan county; Colonel Hardin and Major Warren were from Jacksonville and Lieutenant Colonel Wetherford from Waverly. He went into the Black Hawk war as a private from Morgan county, in Captain Walter Butlers Company, gained a good deal of notoriety

from wrenching an Indian's war club out of his hands and knocking him in the head with it. He was promoted to be Adjutant of his detachment June 19, 1832.

B. M. Prentiss, 1st Lieutenant in Co. A, was appointed Adjutant of the Regiment.

Dr. Hope of Alton surgeon, Chris B. Zabriskie of Jacksonville assisted Surgeon, John Scanlan, 1st Lieutenant of Co. F, was appointed Quarter-master; George S. Myers was appointed Commissary; Edward A. Giller, Sergeant Major; Thomas Smothers, Quarter-master Sergeant; A. W. Fay, Drum Major.

When Lieutenant Scanlan of Company F, was appointed Quarter-master, Lieutenant Erwin of Co. K, was transferred to Co. F, to fill the vacancy. Dr. Hope of Alton was Surgeon of the 1st regiment of Illinois volunteers. Dr. Price had repeated a conversation that took place in Dr. Hope's tent for which he cained him in San Antonia. Dr. P. challenged him to mortal combat, they fought September 14, 1846. The writer heard the report of the pistols, Dr. Hope resigned, his place was supplied by Dr. White, he resigned or was transferred when Dr. Herrick became surgeon. Dr. C. B. Zabriskie Assistant Surgeon was transferred from the 1st regiment December, 1846, and Dr. C. Peyton of Little-rock, Arkansas took his place.

When Prentiss was elected adjutant, it left J. D. Morgan, captain of Co. A, without one lieu-

tenant. William F. Henry was elected 1st lieutenant; James Evans 2d, George T. M. Davis, 3d; Elish Wells, was captain of Co. B, but for unsoldierly conduct (not cowardice or drunkenness, but General Wool considered it unsoldierly conduct,) he resigned and Lieutenant Smith succeeded to the captaincy. Patrick Higans, 1st lieutenant; William A. Clark 2d lieutenant.

Elias B. Zabriskie of Co. B, was advanced to the 3d lieutenantcy in Co. B, in order to his appointment on Gen. Shields' staff. He was a private in Co. D, but on the assignment of the regiment to General Wool's command and the General selected him for an orderly. Elias was a handsome little fellow, neat in his dress, money in his aspirations and feelings. Pretty soon after he became the general's orderly, the general ordered him to black his boots, Elias refused to do it, for which the general sent him back to his company, and to mollify his father's and uncle's outraged feelings, General Shields got him appointed a lieutenant and took him on his staff.

Noah Fry was captain of company C, William C. Rainey, 1st lieutenant; Solomon S. Chester, 2d lieutenant; Joshua C. Winters, 3d lieutenant.

When company D, was organized at Jacksonville J. S. Roberts editor of the Jackson *Standard* was elected captain. He took the company to Alton and was by Judge Shields mustered into the United States service, but Shields not being a United States officer, his muster was

illegal. When Col. S. Churchill came to muster us into the service the examination was much more rigid and he was rejected because of ulcerous sore on his right lower limb.

Jacob Zabriskie was then elected captain; John L. McConal, 1st lieutenant; Samuel R. Black who was one of the Meyer prisoners, was elected 2d lieutenant; James M. Dunlap, 3d lieutenant.

After the battle in which Capt. Zabriskie was killed at Buena Vista, John L. McConal was elected captain of company D; S. R. Black 1st lieutenant; James M. Dunlap 2d lieutenant; Nathan Halfeld who had been orderly sergeant, was elected 3d lieutenant; William A. Richardson was captain of company E, until after the battle of Buena Vista, when he was elected major of the regiment, where G. W. Robertson succeeded him as captain. Allen Presinger 1st lieutenant; George S. Myers, 2d lieutenant; John T. May, 3d lieutenant. Dr. Albion, L. Crow was captain of company F; John Scanlan, 1st lieutenant; Robert Buzan, 2d lieutenant; Francis Ryan, 3d lieutenant. William Wetherford captain of company G, until the regiment was organized July 2, 1846, when William Wyatt was elected Captain; James H. Wetherford, 1st lieutenant; Isaac S. Wright, 2d lieutenant; James M. Wood 3d lieutenant, Samuel Montgomery, captain of company H; W. Haughton, first lieutenant until he was killed at Buena Vista, when he was suc-

1 succeeded by Helekia Evans as 1st lieutenant; Thomas F. Flynn 2d lieutenant; Thomas R. Roberts 3d lieutenant. T. Lyle Dickey was captain of company I, until September 15, 1846, when he resigned and was succeeded in the captaincy of company I, by B. M. Prentiss; who had been adjutant of the regiment up to that time, W. H. D. Wallace, 2d lieutenant of company I, was made adjutant of the regiment. Edmond S. Holibrook, 1st lieutenant; John Riddeck, 2d lieutenant; the third place was never filled. Lyman Mowers, captain of company K; William Erwin 1st lieutenant; Samuel M. Parson, 2d lieutenant; Mathew Moran, 3d lieutenant.

Company A was raised at Quincy, Illinois; company B, at Chicago Illinois; company C, at Carrallton; company D, at Jacksonville; company E, at Rushville; company F, at Gallena; company G, at Waverly; company H, at Winchester; company I, at La Salle; company K, at Chicago. The 1st Battalion was composed of companies A, B, C, E, and K. The 2d battalion was composed of E, G, H, I and K. A and K were rifle companies and were armed with the old Yager rifle.

CHAPTER II.

I

A BOY'S IDEA OF HIS DUTY AS A SOLDIER AND WHY—TRANSFERRED BY A STEAMER TO NEW ORLEANS—CAPTURING AN ALLIGATOR ON THE OLD BATTLE GROUND—VOYAGE FROM NEW ORLEANS TO FORT LAVACA AND MARCH TOWARD SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR—A "BEAR" IN CAMP.

My maternal grandfather was with General Jackson in the Creek war during the time of our last unpleasantness with Great Britian, when a man was shot for going to sleep while on guard; while I thought that to be a soldier was the most honorable thing in the world, I thought that any infraction of duty or discipline was death, and I mentally resolved to do my duty at all hazards. In less than a week after we went into camp I was put on guard duty. My beat ran across the road leading from Fryburg to the river. My third watch commenced at 10 o'clock p. m. The moon was just in its full. The sky was clear. The first thing that aroused me was the arrest of John Sprier and another man of our company for running a foot-race *en dishabille* after taps. I knew nothing of my duty to the officer of the guard, or his duty to a sentinel on visiting his Post. I thought, however, if he came near enough to speak or communicate in any way with a sentinel, it was the duty of the sentinel to demand and receive the counter-sign. On this occasion, Lieut. Smith, of Capt.

1 Wells' Chicago Company, was officer of the guard. Between eleven and twelve o'clock p. m. at night I saw him start from the guard house, heard the hail and his answer to every Post, and and it seemed to me that the sentinels were not doing their duty, and would get into trouble to let him pass them without the countersign. After due deliberation, I determined to teach the officer of the guard and the sentinels, or at least show them that there was one who knew his duty and dared to do it. So, when the officer came within seventy-five feet of me (being twenty or twenty-five feet inside the guard line) I hailed him with, "Who comes there?" He answered, "The officer of the guard. What is the number of your beat?" I did not answer because I thought that there was where the others had failed in their duty. So I said, "Advance, officer of the guard, and give the countersign." He paid no attention to the demand for the counter sign but walked along on the inside of my beat and again asked its number, I commanded him to halt, which he disregarded, and repeated his question. I then charged on him with the bayonet, he caught and turned it aside with his hand, when I drew my butcher knife (we all carried butcher knives in a scabbard secured around the body by a belt) and lunged at him with it. When he saw the motion and my intent, he bounded away a few steps, turned round and said "you must be a d—m fool" and returned to the guard house without visiting

We went aboard of the steamer Sultana July 20, 1846, and the same afternoon moved out from Alton, on our voyage down the river for New Orleans, reached that city on the 26th and went into camp on the old battle ground. The next day after our arrival, a half drunken dutchman belonging to Capt. Wells' company discovered a young alligator in a little pond near our encampment. On discovering it he gave a war whoop and leaped into the water after the alligator. The whoop brought the boys from their tents, and they greatly enjoyed the Dutchman's charge on the "little gater." As the alligator would scud across the pond, the Dutchman would follow, guided by his wake in the muddy water. The laughter and shouting on the shore became boisterous. The alligator was about four feet long. The little fellow put forth all his strength to get away while a half drunken Dutchman pressed hard after him with superior speed, and with a zeal that knew no abatement, until at last he overtook and seized him by caudal extremity and brought him triumphantly to the shore amid the cheers and laughter of his comrades.

We left New Orleans on the last day of July on the good steamship James L. Day, and landed at Port Lavaca August 2. The next day we went ten miles in a northwest direction to Pallida Creek, and went into Camp Irvin. On August 11 we broke camp and took up our march

1 for San Antonio de Bexar. The road ran up the valley of Pallida Creek. The valley was low and flat and it had rained nearly every day while we lay in camp, and the water had risen above the creek banks and overflowed the valley, varying from six inches to two feet in depth. The sun shone down upon us, as we were struggling along in the mud and water, with almost overpowering force. The foundation of much of the sickness that wasted the regiment for the next two months was laid in this march.

We arrived at Victoria on the Guadalupe river about noon of the next day. We were ferried across the river in time to march five or six miles west, where we went into camp for the night, on the bank of a fine, clear stream of water. On our way to San Antonio we passed in sight of Goliad, the village from which the gallant Fannin and his men were marched, after their surrender to their butchery by

THEIR TREACHEROUS CAPTORS.

After the capture of San Antonio Santa Anna made fronts on Gongalos and Bosport, but hastened with the major part of his army to Goliad. Gen. Houston was discovered by these feints and ordered Col. Fannin at Goliad to destroy the fort and reinforce him at Gongalos. On the 19th of March, 1835, the fort was set on fire, and the garrison set out to join Houston. Fannin had 260 men and several field pieces. In the evening the enemy made their appearance

and fighting commenced that resulted favorable to Fannin. Early the next morning the Mexicans were heavily reinforced and under a solemn pledge that they should be well treated and speedily exchanged, Fannin surrendered. After enduring great privations for eight days the Americans were marched a little way from Goliad and shot. A few fell down as if dead; and then jumped up and got away. This cold blooded murder will forever blacken the reputation of Santa Anna.

One day while we were yet on our march for San Antonio, we passed a dwelling where whiskey was kept for sale. Col. Hardin, who knew that there were some men who seemed to have been horn dry, put a guard at the house to see that none of this class got into the house or tarried about the premises. We camped for the night three or four miles beyond where the usual guard was mounted. Soon after dark one of the sentinels came running in and said he had been chased by a bear. (We stood guard until we reached Mexico with unloaded guns.) Two or three hours later another sentinel was chased from his beat by a bear. It leaked out the next day that the thirsty ones had put their heads together to secure a taste of the corn juice that they had been so unwillingly compelled to pass a few hours before. To this end, one of their number had been selected to go back and get it. He was provided with a dozen canteens and a

buffalo robe, which had been borrowed from a teamster for the occasion. The canteens he had fastened to him in such a way as to make no noise, then gone on all fours to the guard line and make a rush for the sentinel, who, supposing it to be bear, ran away from his post. The thirsty man doubtless ran in the other direction, got his canteens filled and returned into camp with them as he went out, and as usual the devotees of Bacchus came out ahead.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL AT SAN ANTONIO—DAVY CROCKETT'S DESPERATE DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO AND HIS TREACHEROUS DEATH—AN INDIGNANT SERGEANT—HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED ON AN OFFICER WHO TRIED TO SURPRISE THE GUARD—DESCRIPTION OF A TOURIST.

On the 22d of August we camped for the night four miles below San Antonio. The next day we marched to the river and were allowed an hour to rest and refresh ourselves, opposite the town in the immediate neighborhood of Fortress Alamo, where David Crockett fell in a hand-to-hand fight with an overwhelming Mexican force. A chronicle of the time says: "Before daybreak on the 6th of March 1836, after eleven days' siege, the fortress was assaulted by the whole Mexican army, commanded by Santa Anna. The defense was desperate until daylight, when only six men belonging to the garrison were alive. They were surrounded and ordered to surrender which they did, under

promise of protection. The eccentric Davy Crockett was one of the number. He, with his companions, stood in an angle of the fort, his shattered rifle in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. There was a frightful gash across his forehead, while the corps of twenty dead Mexicans lay around him and his companions, showing how determinedly they had defended themselves. When these six prisoners were brought into the presence of Santa Anna by Castrillon and asked how they were to be disposed of, he flew into a violent rage and said: "I have told you how to dispose of them; why do you bring them to me?" At which they were fallen upon and murdered."

We clip and insert a description of San Antonio as seen by a tourist of 1882. Thirty-six years has made a wonderful change in San Antonio as also in the great state of Texas.

"The stars had come out before we crossed the Arkansas and Texas boundary line. Of Texas we can only speak in general terms. One soon gets the impression that it is a grand state. Not only an empire as the residents delight in telling you, but a state of great resources which has just begun to get the use of the sources of its future wealth. Along the line of the Texas Pacific, International and Great Northern, and Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroads, there are signs of recent and abounding prosperity. It is indeed more apparent in the towns; but the larger cotton fields, white with an unusual har-

vest, is the better proof. Palestine, Austin, Waco, Fort Worth, Denison, and San Antonio, the principal towns on our route, all seem to be meeting the highest expectations of their several friends. Large areas of land are being rapidly taken up, and a very desirable class of emigrants are making a home in the state. The German's already in considerable numbers in some portions, are coming now in larger numbers, and many English emigrants are finding their way there.

San Antonio, is probably the oldest town or settlement in the country. Men fixes his habitation and builds his cities where nature provides suitable conditions. We have them here. The rich soil, the elevated surface of the country insuring health, and the abundance of pure water mark it as the predestined site of a city; and now the railroads still further contribute to its desirableness as a place of residence and a seat of commercial enterprise. Nowhere else in the country do the old and new stand in such striking contrast, but the new is crowding the old. A large portion of the business part of the town is undergoing reconstruction, and in the newer part some elegant residences are being completed. The Mexican portion of the population is becoming smaller relatively, but it is everywhere and perpetuates some of its old customs, such as taking its meals out in the open air, in the plazas. On the principle square ~~the~~ the Roman Catholic Cathedral is the most conspicuous building, and

the oldest, perhaps, for a part of it was built probably one hundred and fifty years ago. But the chief antiquity of the city, memorable however on account of its later history, is the Alamo. This was originally a church, or a "mission" rather, having been established by the Franciscans in 1716. It was in this building, converted into a fort nearly a hundred years ago, that Colonels Travis and Crockett and their comrades were butchered by Santa Anna and his troops. It, and the adjoining building, originally a monastery, are now occupied for commercial purposes.

To the traveler the other objects of interest about the city are the United States military post, the San Pedro Springs, the great springs out of which flow the waters of the San Antonio river, and the decaying remains of the old "Missions," in the valley east and south of town. I visited two of these old ruins and found them objects of no common interest. That of San Jose, some five or six miles from the city, was a large structure and imposing pile in its day, including as it did church, monastery, and a hospice. The facade, beautiful and of considerable artistic value, although defaced, must have been the wonder and admiration of the Indians who looked upon it. The San Antonio Springs are well worthy of a visit; they pour out a volume of over 16,000 cubic feet of water per minute. The proprietor of a portion of the grounds hopes to establish a college and health resort. It would

certainly be a delightful place for study and recreation.

After examining the remains of the old Fort. rees, we were reformed, marched across the river and through the principal streets of San Antonio, recrossed the river, marched up on its east side, for two miles, and went into Camp at Camp Crockett, where we lay perfecting ourselves in drill and manual of arms until the 26th of September following.

We had a man with us who claimed to have been educated for a Catholic priest. One thing is certain, if there was good priestly material in him, it was badly marred in turning him into a small-bore politician. One-bored politicians had flattered him until he looked upon himself as being as big as Punch, in caricature, made Napoleon III., when in writing the history of Cæsar, it represented him as sitting at the foot of an immense statue of Cæsar, blowing out of a blow pipe a diminutive likeness of Napoleon I., while he said 'Begonia, I, blows you as big as ze ower man.'

In the organization of the company our quondam priest was elected Sergeant. It is possible that this, his first and only promotion, puffed him up with vanity until he could not, at all events he did not, learn the company, to say nothing of the regimental, drill. He had a great fondness of spirits fermenti, and frequently imbibed to such an extent that he would become very much elevated in his feelings, and while in

his condition was accustomed to look upon the Captain of his company and the line officers generally, as too inferior to be obeyed, and their commands unworthy of serious thought: Soon after going into camp at Camp Crockett, our doughty Sergeant got into one of his elevated moods, for which the Captain ordered that he, be reduced to the ranks, have a rope fastened about his waist, and be thrown into and pulled out of the San Antonio river until he was cooled off-and thoroughly sobered. The order, then carried into effect, gave him such offense that he succeeded in getting transferred to the Waverly company, and, if yet alive, is no doubt like Them O'Shanter's Dame,—

'Knitting his brows like gathering storm,
And nursing his wrath to keep it warm'—

Until he shall meet the Captain who went from the blood-stained field of Buena Vista into the great beyond these five and thirty years ago.

From the organization of the regiment the field officers had taken a great deal of pleasure in coming unawares upon the officers of the guard before they could muster their men to receive them according to regulation. Maj. Warren had succeeded in coming upon the officers of the guard and men off duty unawares oftener, than, any other one. While we lay at Camp Crockett, Maj. Warren, being field officer of the day, the officers of the guard had given No. 1, whose duty it was to apprise officers of the guard of the approach of a general or field officer of the day,

orders to keep a sharp lookout that the Major did not surprise him and them—a thing he was sure to try to do. After midnight, in approaching the guard house to commence the grand rounds, the Major attempted to catch them off their guard and come on them unawares. In order to do this, he had come afoot, and in approaching the guard house, he had endeavored to conceal himself by keeping a large cactus between himself and the guard. When the Major had gotten nearly up to the cactus, the guard discovered and hailed him. This so disconcerted the Major that he ran into the cactus, and as he did so and was pricked by the thorns, he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ!" Whereupon the ventinel sang out, "Men of the guard, turn out! The Twelve Apostles and Jesus Christ have come."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARCH FROM SAN ANTONIO FOR RIO GRANDE—ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO AND ADVANCE TOWARD CHIHUAHUA—A MEXICAN CUSTOM CAUSED AN ALARM—MARCH THROUGH THE CORDILLERAS—OCCUPATION OF MONCLOVA—CORN IN THE FAR RATIONS—RAID ON THE MEXICAN HUCKSTERS—HORRORS OF A DESERT MARCH—THE MARCH TO CHIHUAHUA ABANDONED—A MEXICAN DON DEFRAUDED OUT OF HIS HORSES BY MEANS OF ARKANSAS MONEY.

On the 26th of September, 1846, we took up our line of march from Camp Crockett for San

Juan, better known as Presidio, and three weeks later crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico. While on our march to the Rio Grande, I think it was between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, Buck Simmons and another of our men, after we had gone into camp, went out hunting. At night they failed to put in an appearance, so that it was feared they had lost their way. Drums were beaten and guns fired off, but all to no purpose. Finally parties were detailed to go in search of them. They were found about two miles from camp treed by a 'drove' of wild hogs common to that region. Comparatively few northern people know much of the Peccary, or wild hog. While in many respects it resembles the hog, it lacks the outer toe of the hind foot; and has a peculiar gland on the back for which Curvier gives it the name of *discolylea*. Its incisor or molar tooth are like the hog, but the canines do not project from the mouth as in the case of the real wild boar. The Mexican or Texas Peccary is completely built with long hair which is ringed with black and white. It is omnivorous, its flesh is quite palatable, and withall it is a dangerous little animal. They go in droves as their cousins in civilization do, and at the sight of a man usually charge upon him in great fury, and that without the slightest provocation. Whatever occasion our boys had given these fellows, I'll venture they will be shy next time.

We arrived at the crossing of the Rio Grande on the 10th of October. It was broad but shallow, so that, although we had brought the material for a ferry boat already wrought into shape to be put together, we found when we arrived at the river that there was no real need for it. The pioneer company put it together during the night, however, so that all who did not wish to wade were ferried over the river. The crossing of the river took us all the fore part of the day, but in the afternoon we went forward to Presidio, a distance of about eight miles, and went into camp about two miles west of the village.

When we went forward we left two companies at the river to guard the ford and to assist the wagon train that was still coming up. The next morning our camp was thrown into excitement by hoarfing volleys of musketry in the direction of the river. It was feared that a Mexican force had attacked the supply train and the force we had left behind to guard it, at the ford in its crossing. Steens' squadron of United States' dragoons were mounted, and sent off in haste to ascertain the occasion of the firing. They soon returned with the information that it was at Presidio; that they were burying a child and discharging firearms over the grave. This was a custom new and strange to us. Whether it was usual among the Mexicans, I do not know.

as I never saw or heard anything like it in a farther six months' stay in the interior among them as a soldier.

After laying a week in the vicinity of Presidio, we commenced our march in a westerly direction for Chihuahua. We passed over a vast level plain covered with cactuses and a variety of thorny shrubs; passing on our way the grove of Angels and the villages of Neva and San Fernando de Rosas. As we passed along the streets of the latter village, a very dark young man attracted the attention of an old crone, and she declared in her Mexican patois that he was a Mexican, and appeared highly incensed that he should persist in going with the Americans.

As we approached the mountains we came to a stream twenty or thirty yards wide, the current of which was so swift, though it was only about three feet in depth, that our men could not keep their footing in it. We went into camp on the east side of this stream for the night, were aroused at four o'clock in the morning, cooked and ate our breakfast, struck our tents and had them loaded in the wagons by daylight, when the real work of the day commenced. A number of men crossed the river on horseback carrying with them the end of a large, long rope hitched to the end of the tongue of an army wagon, with enough of stone in it to keep the current from moving it out of its position. Enough of these were hauled in one behind an-

other to bridge the stream. At the same time the supply train was being hauled across by ropas attached to them as described above. The army and trains were across by the middle of the afternoon, when we took up our line of march, and four miles further on, when we came to another similar stream. This we bridged in the same way as we did the first, but by the time the men got across, night had fallen. We wrapped our blankets around us and lay down on the ground to rest, without either food or shelter for the night. At dawn we were aroused, got up, and drew our wagons across this stream, as we had done the day before, accomplishing our task by noon, after which we drew our rations and broke our fast for the first time in thirty days, remaining for the rest of the day and night.

Our day's march brought us to the Cordilleras Mountains through the valleys of which we marched until we reached Monterey on our fourth day's march. For three days we had seen their colossal forms looming up from the level plain. Indeed, the first day's impression was that they were dense cloud banks in the distance. When we reached the mountains, it was discovered that we could not cross them in a direct line for Chihuahua, our objective point; hence, the only thing to be done under the circumstances was to make a detour one hundred miles to the south via Monclova, and from there go to El Paso, the nearest practical point

We took possession of Monclova, Nov. 3, 1894, where we remained by order of Gen. Taylor until his armistice with Ampudia expired. While we lay at this point, 500 miles away from our base of supplies on the Gulf of Mexico, Gen. Wool issued us our rations in corn-cars with the husk on. This the men took as an insult. To indicate their displeasure, they put their old red flannel shirts on poles over their tents, and then, when the General with his staff would pass our encampment, as he had to do in going into the city, they would bray. On the third day their anger reached its culminating point. The outrage was to be endured no longer—they determined to wreak vengeance on the Mexican hucksters. Gen. Wool had given them leave to sell various kinds of produce and provisions, and had assigned them a place on the inside of our lines as a market place. About ten o'clock in forenoon those who were in the plot gathered about the Mexicans and began to price their wares, and at a given signal every Mexican was knocked down, men gathered up their fruit, bread and vegetables and scattered them over the market place. The hungry and angry soldiers gathered them up and dispersed to their quarters so quickly that though there was a guard over the market place to protect the hucksters, the guard did not notice what was being done until it was over.

34 Gen. Wool was desperately angry (as I now think he had a right to be, though I didn't think so then) and threatened to do terrible things to the volunteers. Probably neither Hardin, Bissell nor Yell were in sympathy with the violent measures the men had taken, yet they felt that the Government rations ought to have been issued as long as they held out, and then that the men and officers should have been rationed alike on ears of corn with the husk on. as a consequence, they were displeased with the treatment they were receiving, so that Hardin, backed up by Yell and Bissell, told the General that, if he attempted to carry into effect his threat they, could and would whip him and his regulars, and then help themselves to the best there was in the land.

From thenceforward there was an estrangement between the volunteers and Gen. Wool until after the battle of Buena Vista. After the General saw the steady gallantry of these volunteers in standing up against overwhelming numbers of Mexican veterans, his dislike turned into admiration; and as the volunteers in and after the battle saw the benefit that they had derived from the drill and discipline that Gen. Wool had enforced, their hearts warmed to him as his did to them.

Nov. 20, we commenced our march for Parras, 180 miles distant, taking possession of it Dec. 6. On this march, I think it was, we had to pass over an arid desert of forty-five miles—i.

e., it was forty-five miles between watering stations. It was thought best to go over as much of the way as possible before the heat of the day, for, although it was winter time the sun came down with great force by midday. We started at midnight with one day's rations in our haversacks and our canteens filled with water, with instructions to make it hold out; but by ten o'clock the next day many canteens were empty, and mine among the number. It seemed to me that I never had such a craving for water, and such a time to resist the cravings of appetite as on this particular occasion. By noon my thirst, I thought was raging; and from then until we reached water at sundown I would freely have given \$5 for a good drink of water. Many of the men, when they reached the stream, cast themselves down upon its edge, and regardless of consequences, drank their fill. Fortunately no one appeared to be injured thereby. On December 16th a courier arrived from Gen. Worth, who lay at Sattillo with 1,000 regulars, announced that the Mexico Gen. Ampudia, with 12,000 men, was within four days march of his position, and directing us to hasten to his support. On the morning of the 17th we broke camp to throw ourselves across the path of Ampudia at Agua Nueva, reaching that point, a distance of 120 miles, on the evening of the 20th—a march I venture to say, that has never been surpassed in military annals.

Immediately after our arrival at Agua Nueva, Gen. Worth's command and Maj. Boureville, with his battalion of regulars that had accompanied us from San Antonio, were ordered to join Gen. Scott in his descent on Vera Cruz. From the fact that Gen. Ampudia and the Mexicans were not heard of any more for nearly two months it was suspected by the skeptical that his advance had been concerted to let us down easily in our withdrawal from an advance on Chihuahua, to hold the advance post gained and held by the Army of the Center.

On the 21st we were marched to La Angostura and went into camp on the plateau west and north of the little hamlet bearing that name. On Christmas Day we were formed in line of battle and kept under arms until night, but as no army appeared in our front, the skeptical (and there are always to be found that class about everything) said that it was a ruse of the officers to keep the men from getting into a Christmas frolic. Soon after Christmas we were marched back to Agua Nueva, where we remained until we moved back to Buena Vista, preparatory to the battle. Col. Yell's cavalry were always engaged in some sort of an escapade. While we lay in camp at Agua Nueva, some of his men went into the country and bought some horses of a Mexican Don, and paid for them in Arkansas broken bank bills. They told the old Don that the bills were coin scrip and would be paid in gold whenever presented to Gen. Wool

or Col. Hardin. In a few days the man came to get his money. Being informed that Gen. Wool was gone to Saltillo, he inquired for and was directed to Col. Hardin's quarters. He presented his bills to Hardin and demanded payment. Anything of that sort spreads among an army of men like fire in a prairie, so that in a few minutes the regiment was gathered in a semi-circle around the Colonel's quarters. The Colonel did not understand his lingo or his business, which made it a great deal more interesting to the boys. After attempting for ten or fifteen minutes to explain to the Don that he did not understand his language or his business, Col. H. appealed to his men if they knew any one who talked Spanish. "Stuttering Aleck," of Capt. Crow's company, answered that he did. The Colonel asked him who it was—he answered "that gentleman talking to you sir."

We had connected with us in some capacity a Major Bell, of the United States army, who was fond of whiskey and lording it over the volunteer officers and men. He would get on duty as field officer of the day whenever he could, to strut and show his authority by trying to enforce upon the volunteers regular army etiquette, and, as a consequence was very unpopular with us. Yell's men had a special antipathy to him, and he was afraid of them, as well he might be. Whenever he found himself in their vicinity, if he could as well as not, he gave them a wide birth. One very dark night, while going the grand rounds, he said that he could not see any

signs of a sentinel, but he heard the hammer of a gun go click, click, and a man called out; "look out, Major, she's cocked." He confessed that he did not stop to look for the man, neither did he stand on the order of going—but he went.

CHAPTER V.

SUPPRESSING POKER AND WHISKEY-DRINKING.—

JEFF DAVIS IN THE FIELD—BEFORE BUENA VISTA.—NOTES ON MANY WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.—THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA—A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE STRUGGLE WHICH DETERMINED THE RESULT OF THE WAR.—BRILLIANT DEFENCE OF O'BRIEN'S BATTERY—THE FATAL CHARGE OF HARDIN—DEATHS OF COLS. HARDIN, CLAY AND MCKEE—TRIBUTE OF A LATE WRITER.

Some of the officers, as also the men, would sit up late at night to indulge in games of poker for pretty good pots, though there were strict orders against it. To conceal their lights, they would pin their heavy army blankets all around their tents. One night while Maj. Bell was on duty as field officer of the day, he came upon a tent with officers belonging to the first regiment, engaged in card playing. He said that he would report and have them deprived of their commissions for disobedience to orders. Capt. R. told him that they were in his power and that they could not blame him for discharging his duty by reporting them; but, said the Captain: "Major,

we have some mighty good whisky; come in and take a glass with us." This he consented to do. The officers said as it would not make the thing any worse with them, they would go ahead with their play and for him to stay and drink as long and as much as he wanted. In the course of an hour the Major became boozey and began to boast of his skill at card-playing. Capt. R. invited him to take a hand, which he did, and before four o'clock a. m., the Illinois officers cleaned him out of all his money and dared him to report them, as by his participation he had become as guilty and liable to punish as they were. The Major departed a wiser, if not a better man.

In the latter part of January, by the capture of Maj. Borland and Capt. M. C. Clay and Jones, at Paconicion, while they were out on a reconnoissance, it became evident that the Mexicans were advancing in our direction. On the reception of this news Gen. Taylor, with 2,000 men, moved up to Angaunavia. The news of his coming was circulated in camp several days in advance of his arrival, so the boys were on the lookout for "Old Rough and Ready," the hero of Palo Alto, Bessaca de la Palma and Monterey. Some days before the battle, we discovered in the distance a column of men approaching from the direction of Saltillo. When they came abreast of our encampment there was at the head of the column, a tall, square man, with a blue-cloth military cloak over his shoulders. From his closely-cropped iron-grey hair, he looked as if he might be fifty years old. The boys

thought it was old Zack, and cheered loudly. The officer, in recognition of this Western salute, removed his hat, and we thought it was old Rough and Ready, and felt a little bit chagrined when we found that it was the man who, has since gained an unenviable notoriety as the head of the most stupendous, causeless and wicked rebellion the world has ever known. What a pity that the lustre of the achievements of his famous Mississippi regiment on the blood-stained field of Buena Vista should go down behind such a cloud.

On the night of February 18th. Maj. McCullough entered the camp of the Mexican army under Santa Ana, Enconicion, forty miles south of Agua Nueva. This he reported to Gen. Taylor on the 19th and by 10 o'clock on the 20th we began to move back to take a position at Buena Vista.

Our regiment with four guns manned by volunteers; under command of Lieut. O'Brian, U. S. A., was left at Buena Vista pass while the rest of the army fell back for the night on account of water, to San Juan Ranch. We were ordered to draw and fill our boxes with cartridges, draw and cook two days rations, and put our arms in order. To the East and South of Buena Vista, some three miles away, commencing at the base of the mountain, a deep gully had been cut by waters that had come down a depression in the mountain, in the rainy seasons. This ravine when it started at the base of the

mountain is probably ten feet deep and thirty feet wide, gradually deepening and widening until, when it reaches Buena Vista, it is probably twenty feet deep and one hundred feet wide. The gulley from the base of the mountain runs in a northwest direction until it comes, within 200 or 300 yards of La Angostura, from where it runs in a northerly direction until it passes Buena Vista, and then bears a little east of north until it passes east of Saltillo, when it debouches

to the west and puts into the valley of the San Juan river, that falls into the Rio Grand at Comargo. To the west of the valley there was a level strip of land eighty feet wide from the spur of the hill to the ravine, over which the wagon road from Agua Nueva to Saltillo passed. Across this strip of land we dug a ditch up to within ten feet of the spur of the ridge. Into this we hauled an army wagon and filled it with rocks. In the ditch two companies of our regiment were placed under command of Col. Withersford, O'Brian, and four pieces of artillery were placed behind the ditches.

I hardly know how to describe the battle grounds, but will try, as I have never seen a description that suited me I do not think I can entirely satisfy myself. I can see it in my mind as plain as if I were there; but to draw a picture of it is quite another thing. But to begin, imagine yourself standing on the point of the ridge that juts down to the valley at the

pass, as we have described it. At its eastern extremity it is probably thirty yards wide, rising so abruptly out of the valley for fifty feet in height that in ascending it a man has to use his hands as well as his feet. Looking along up the northern edge of this ridge, in a north-west direction, a mile away, you see a narrow gorge coming out of the mountain. On the northeast side of the ridge, a level plain, fifty feet lower than its apex, bearing away to San Juan Ranch and on to Saltillo. Beginning at the base of the mountain, this elevated plateau extends for a mile to the south, where there is another gorge coming out of the mountain, when this elevated plateau terminates as abruptly in a level valley running south to Agua Nueva as it began on the north. This plateau runs from the base of the mountains on the west side of the valley, slightly south of east, and half way from the mountain to where it terminates, it breaks up into four ridges, like the fingers on a man's hand, the longer and higher on the north, the shorter and lower one on the south. Some 300 yards away to the northeast of the north ridge a round hill, covering an acre or more, rises abruptly out of the valley, at least thirty feet in height.

A similar one rises out of the valley to the southeast of the south ridge. Just west of the last mound, and a little south of the south ridge, stands the little hamlet of La Angostura.

About nine o'clock on the forenoon of Feb. 22, 1847, we discovered, away off to the south, in the direction of Agua Nueva, dense clouds of dust rising, that told us of the Mexican advance. An hour later the advance of Santa Anna's army, 20,000 strong, appeared in our front, at La Angostura. Until four o'clock in the afternoon Santa Anna was occupied in putting his men in position on the west side of the road, over the foothills, up to the base of the mountains, on the west side of the valley. With great difficulty they dragged a battery of what proved to be twenty-four pound guns on the plateau at the base of the mountains. To meet and effect this, we dragged Lieut. O'Brian's four guns up the ridge, and planted them just west of the break-up of the plateau into ridges half a mile to the southwest of Buena Vista Pass. To the north of O'Brian's guns, and stretched well up toward the base of the mountain, was eight companies of the Second Illinois Regiment, under the command of Col. Bissell, and the Second Indiana, under command of Col. Bowles. The Mexican sharpshooters, in order to turn our left flank, began to ascend the side of the mountain, pushing all the time northward. To counteract this, two companies of the Second Illinois and portions of Marshall's Kentucky and Yale's Arkansas Cavalry were dismounted and placed under command of Maj. Trail of the Second Illinois, to take up a position on the side of the mountain

facing the Mexican sharpshooters. Washington's battery took the place vacated by O'Brian in Buena Vista Pass. The sappers and miners had cut the banks of the gulley that we have already described so as to pass Bragg's battery into the valley on the east side, while McKee's Second Kentucky Regiment of infantry, was placed on the crest of the mound that rose out of the valley to the north and east of the pass. Hardin with six companies (Captains Morgan and Prentiss with their companies were helping guard and hold Saltillo against Minion's brigade that had come in from the west and north of it) of the First Illinois occupied the summit of the ridge running from Buena Vista back to O'Brian's guns on the level plateau. Still to the west or rear of McKee was Sherman's battery, Linn's Third Indiana, Davis' Mississippi regiment while two miles away to the north and west of San Juan ranch was the remainder of Mottall's and Yell's cavalry guarding our depot of supplies. This was the situation of things at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Mexicans opened fire upon us from their battery at the base of the mountain.

During the 22d of February, 1847, our regiment held the key of the position at Buena Vista Pass—two companies under command of Lieut-Col. Wetherford, in the trenches, and six companies on the ridge, where they threw up a parapet to protect themselves from being picked

off by the Mexican sharpshooters. The Mexican left at La Angostura, was protected from Washington's Battery by a round hill that rose up out of the level valley to the east of La Angostura. It was said to have been twenty minutes before four o'clock p. m. when they opened fire upon us from their twenty-four pound battery away to the southwest at the base of the mountain, but our men were so well protected by the foothills that they recieved no damage. The battle was opened by firing from the Mexican artillery, followed by an attempt of the light troops on the side of the mountain to turn our left flank.

Simultaneous with their artillery fire their sharpshooters began to move northward on the side of the mountain, opening fire on Maj. Trail's command. As they ascended the side of the mountain our men deployed as skirmishers and they blazed away at each other until ten o'clock at night, when everything became ominously still. On the morning of the 23d, as we lay in position on top of the longest hill that ran down to Buena Vista Pass, we could see the shimmer of the sun's rays reflected from their gun barrels as the dense Mexican columns moved to mass themselves in front of our left wing. At nine o'clock a. m., the lancers that had been massed behind the round hill spoken of to the east of La Angostura, came on the run around its west end into the road in the level valley leading to Buena Vista Pass. We almost held our breath

as we saw them coming like a cloud before a tempest of wind.

As I stood and looked at the on-coming mass of horsemen, I wondered if Washington's Battery was never going to open fire. He probably did not wait longer than it has taken me to pen these lines descriptive of the charge, but long enough for them to come to the spur of the second ridge; then when it would take them from three to five minutes to retrace their steps and get behind the shelter of the hills, he opened upon them with shell, firing the left gun in his Battery first, and then each one from left to right in quick succession. By the time the last gun was fired, the first was reloaded ready to be discharged again. Every shell exploded in their ranks; heads, legs and arms flew into the air, as gap after gap was plowed through the Mexican columns. It was maddening to behold. No men in the world could have continued to face that deadly and withering fire. The Mexicans turned and fled to the protection of the hills as if pursued by an avenging Nemesis. At the same time the infantry which had been massed upon our left at the base of the mountain, furiously assaulted the Second Illinois, under Col. Bissell, and the Second Indiana, under Col. Bowles, whose regiment extended up to the base of the mountain. Then a thirty-two pound Battery at the same time poured in a heavy fire and had obtained the range of our line, so that Bissell's

and Bowles' men were placed under an enfilading fire.

In order to remedy this, they were ordered to fall back. Col. Bissell's regiment faced about and marched off by companies as steadily and calmly as if they had been on battalion drill, as this writer can testify, being in a position to see. Unfortunately for the Second Indiana, while it was unquestionably made up of as good material as the Illinois regiment its commanding officer had neither drilled nor disciplined it very rigidly—and in order to about face and fall back, the men became excited, lost their company organization, and as a result many of them ran away from the field and could not, and were not rallied to take any further part in the action.

After the Indianians gave way the Mexicans drove their infantry and lancers into the gap, which necessitated the falling back by a circuitous route of the command under Maj. Trail. Hardin with six companies of his regiment, Col. McKee with the Second Kentucky and Bragg's Sherman's Batteries were ordered to the front and left, to fill up the gap made by the falling back of the Second Indiana, and to check, if possible, the enemy's advance. The batteries came promptly into action, and into line between McKee's Second Kentucky and Hardin's First Illinois. Bissell, of the Second Illinois, about faced and moved into line on the left of the Second Kentucky. When the order came to move

to the south and west, we moved up the ridge to the west for a fourth of a mile, then turned south into the gorge and up on the next ridge, the top of which was probably an eighth of a mile south of the ridge we had left.

As we moved up the hill we met the left of the Mexican column coming from the opposite direction, and when our heads came up so that we could see over the ridge, we discovered the enemy not more than fifty yards away. The Mexicans fired at us on sight. Col. Hardie without allowing us to fire, dressed up his line and gave the order to charge. Away we went with a yell; the enemy turned and fled, many of them dropping their guns. As they turned, we poured into them a volley with terrible effect when they started to run, many of our men were so excited that they struck out after them, and we had a regular foot race to the bottom of the ravine below. We succeeded in killing or capturing nearly the whole body. It seemed as if nearly every staff officer in the army had been sent to stop our charge, and form us into line again, but on we went. They might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind until we had captured our prey. Tom Tarley and William Taylor, of our company, had each captured a man. I took in two—one a Lieutenant—and was ordered to the rear to guard prisoners. In the meantime, McKee, Sherman, Bragg and Bissell had come gallantly

into action, and hurled back the advancing Mexican columns as far as our line extended, but the unfortunate break in the morning had compelled the falling back of Maj. Trail's command so that a heavy force of Mexicans, by keeping up close to the base of the mountain, got past our left to the rear. To offset and check this new and unforward state of things Lieut. O'Brian's four guns, Lane's Third Indiana and Jefferson Davis's Mississippi Regiment were formed in the level valley north and east of the gorge that came out of the mountain on the west side of the valley with their right resting on the ravine, facing to the west. They were thus in a position to arrest the further progress of the Mexicans who had turned our left.

Soon after we went to the rear with our prisoners, the wounded began to be brought into the shelter of the hill at the Pass, so fast that it became necessary to send back to San Juan Ranch for medical assistance. A number of men had been asked to go, but all declined. I thought strange of it, and told Col. Wetherford that if they would furnish me with a horse, I would go. He furnished me with his mule, and I started, but had not gone far before I discovered why the boys had been so modest. The Mexicans, supposing that we had a reserve behind the mound that rose up out of the level plain, just behind Buena Vista, were trying to shell them out. The road ran right up against the west end of this

mound, and the round shot and shell were flying uncomfortably thick in that particular neighborhood. When I made this discovery, it greatly cooled my ardor, but to go back was to show the white feather. It made no difference how bad I felt it, I knew it would never do to show it, so I put spurs to the mule and dashed through. I met with nothing of a more dangerous character until after I came to the Ranch, and secured a four-mule team and driver to take two extra surgeons, with their instruments and medicine, to the Pass. On our way back, it was our privilege to see one of the grandest sights of that or any other battle. It was the descent of a large body of Mexican lancers on our depot of supplies at the San Juan Ranch.

They had worked their way in front of our men (before they got into position facing the mountain) to the north, so as to come round our left flank. To meet and repel this attack, Marshall's, Kentucky and Yell's Arkansas Cavalry were drawn up on the level plain in line of battle, facing west. The Mexicans were getting in almost striking distance as we passed a fourth of a mile to the rear of our cavalry. In our immediate neighborhood, Capt. May, of Resaca de la Palma fame, with his squadron of United States dragoons were going to their support. He was twenty or thirty feet in advance of his men, standing in his stirrups, with eyes gleaming; his long hair streaming in the wind, and brandishing his sword in the air. Within two or three min-

ntes from the time the Mexicans struck our volunteer cavalry, May struck them with his column of dragoons with such impetnosity that he drove right through them, turned and sabered them until they could endure it no longer. They fled in dismay, and worked themselves out of the base of the mountains, on the east side of the valley, having gone clear around our army. In this hand-to-hand conflict Col. Yell fell, loved and lamented by all true patriots. Near the time that the Lancers flanked our men coming into line facing west, a heavy force of Mexicans attacked O'Brien's guns, Davice's Mississippi and Lane's Indiana regiments. The attacking party succeeded in getting two of O'Brien's guns, but not until every man had been either killed or wounded, and every horse disabled. The others stood their ground and fired into the advancing Mexican column until it was almost on them, Indeed, the last gun to retire was fired into the Mexicans when they were so close that it was impossible to draw the ramrod from the gun. Valentine Kercher a member of our company was connected with the gun, and when there were only two horses and two men beside O'Brien with the gun, Kercher said, "Lieutenant, I will load and then get ready to limber; you sight the gun and pull the lanyard, and then mount your horse and get away." As before stated, when the gun was loaded, the enemy was so close that Kercher limbered in on the front wheels,

jumped upon the ammunition box and the driver successfully drove it away.

At the same time the Mexicans furiously attacked Davice's and Lane's men. Davis had his regiment formed in the shape of a letter V, the flaring end next to the Mexicans. As they approached, each wing opened a file fire upon them. Lane's men formed in regular line of battle and, assisted by O'Brien, who with his two remaining guns, had taken up a new position, they poured volley after volley into the ranks of the attacking foe, not only checking their advance, but driving them until they found shelter in the mouth of the gorge.

Beaten at every point, with 5,000 or 6,000 men driven into a gorge where they must, if not relieved, inevitably surrender, the wily Santa Anna fell upon the ruse of sending a flag of truce to Gen. Taylor to know "what he wanted."

Of course, when our officers saw the flag of truce approaching, they ceased firing and Santa Anna's men, who were cooped up in the gorge came out and moved south along the base of the mountains and got away. This left the armies resting in the positions they occupied in the morning.

For an hour there was an ominous stillness over the battlefield. Hardin had been urging all day for permission to take the twenty-four pound battery at the base of the mountain. At this time the First and Second Illinois, the Second Kentucky regiment, Bragg's and Sherman's batteries were guarding the plateau from which

they had so gallantly driven the Mexicans in the morning. Major Bell, the drunken regular army officer, before spoken of in those papers, rode up to Col. Hardin and told him if he did not take that Mexican battery that the dragoons would deprive him of the honor. Hardin saw a squadron of cavalry forming to the left rear, and supposing that Major Bell was giving an order to take the troublesome Mexican battery, he moved in the direction of the battery by heads of companies, but when he had gone about a quarter of a mile he came upon the Mexican reserve, 7,000 strong concealed under the brow of the hill. As they rose and poured into us a murderous fire, we changed our course a little to the right. That brought us into the head of a ravine, which broke down precipitously about four feet.

In this sheltered position we formed and returned their fire, but their numbers were so overwhelming that they never halted, but came steadily on loading and firing as they came. Bissell and McKee could not stand to see us butchered, and without others came with their regiments to our support, but it was of no avail for, although we and the supporting regiments poured in so accurate and deadly a fire that the Mexican dead lay so thick along their line, from where they started to within fifty yards from our position, that I know by personal observation one could walk two hundred yards in any direction on dead bodies. They never faltered or

stopped. As they came up from the South and West to the head of the ravine and began to extend their columns around it to the North and East, the order was reluctantly given to fall back. We then began that fatal retreat, some passing down the ravine and some obliquely over the hill where Hardin, McKee, Clay, Zabriskie and Howton fell.

McKee fell pierced with a ball. Zabriskie fell in the head of the ravine where we had taken shelter when we found that we had worked up the Mexican reserve. He was shot at the left, the ball going out at the right arm pit. When Clay was wounded, his men attempted to carry him over the ridge but had to abandon him. Hardin had his leg broken just before he got to the mouth of the ravine. The Lancers put seventeen spear holes in him, five of them lay dead by his side.

A late writer describing this battle, has said: "Time will not permit me to enter into any lengthy review of the thrilling events of this grand victory. They have passed into history, and we with confidence, can abide the judgment of mankind. It may not be improper or unjust to say, if we estimate its results upon the enemy at the time, and upon our own country, that the victory of Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista, with his 5,000 raw and undisciplined troops, over the splendidly equipped army of Santa Anna, num-

being 20,000 men, must ever be regarded as one of the grandest achievements of the war. 'Twas here that our citizens soldierly displayed individual prowess and heroism in the presence of overwhelming odds, worthy of the men who fought at Bannockburn and New Orleans.

"The skill and rapidity with which this formidable host was hurled upon Gen. Taylor by Santa Anna was perhaps the grandest achievement of his checkered life. When the Austrians in their camps beheld the French legions descending the Alps whose name and deeds were destined soon to fill the world, and before whose rising star at Marengo and Austerlitz placed even the glories of Pharsalla and Marathon, they could not have been more surprised than was Gen. Taylor by the sudden and rapid approach of Santa Anna and his army. They came as did the Turkish hosts upon the plain of Mt. Tabor—with flying banners and charging squadrons, and as stood the intrepid Kleber and his little army in that terrible charge, so stood our comrades at Buena Vista. Each man was a hero. Column after column of the enemy went down before their deadly fire, and still they rallied, reformed and charged again and again, until darkness closed the scene. That night our heroes slept upon their arms amid the dying and the dead.

"It was a night of terrible suspense and anxiety. Through the long, weary day they had stood in the presence of overwhelming forces, firm as the everlasting hills that looked down upon them. Remembering the Alamo, each man had fought with the desperation of despair, and great was their joy and triumph when daylight

revealed the fact that the enemy was then in rapid retreat. It was here that the life blood of Hardin, McKee, Clay and Vaughn, and a host of the best sons of the Nation was poured out as a sacred oblation to the country's honor.

"The pilgrim to-day stands upon classic Tabor, and, looking back through the centuries, remembers the unearthly glory which overshadowed its summit when the nightly dead stood in the presence of Him 'who spake as never man spake; with unschooled foot and uncovered head he blows upon the holy spot. So in the years yet to come, when the last hero who stood at Buena Vista, shall have joined in the spirit land the mighty dead who fell there, the children of America, in their pilgrimage to this historic field, will remember that the ground upon which they stand is holy."

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA—SOME OF THE HEROES OF THAT BATTLE WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION—THE NIGHT RETREAT OF THE MEXICANS—MEN WOUNDED AND DIE IN HOSPITAL—CAPTAIN SQUARE ORGANIZER—CAVALRY COMPANY FOR THE WAR—WHO WERE DISCHARGED FROM THE 1ST REGIMENT TO JOIN IT, AND WHO WERE DETAILED FOR SERVICE IN THE QUARTERMASTERS SERVICE.

The last described battle scene practically brought the battle of Buena Vista to a close. The Mississippi and Lane's Indiana Regiments with Bragg's and Sherman's Batteries held the center and left, while the shattered Illinois and Kentucky Regiments gathered up there men in reserve behind Buena Vista Pass. Of those connected with the First Regiment who took

part in the late war for the suppression of the rebellion, were Capt. J. D. Morgan, Captain of the Quincy Rifles; B. M. Prentiss, Captain of the La Salle company; Adjutant W. H. L. Wallace became generals.

Lieut. Dunlap, became a Colonel; also Capt. Wyatt, of the Waverly company, and Lieut. Winters, of the Green county company, Lieut. Fliun, of the Scott county company, and T. Lyle Dickey, of the La Salle company. Capt. Montgomery, of the Scott county company became Major of a Missouri Union Cavalry Regiment. Lieut. Black, of the Jacksonville company, a captain in the Seventh Iowa Regiment; private, Thomas Haynes, of the Waverly company, a captain; Jonathan Bozarth, and T. J. Bryant, of the Jacksonville company, captains.

Corporal William Shibly of Co. H, became a Lieutenant in Co. K of the 14th Regiment, Ill Volunteers, and doubtless many others who have not come to the knowledge of the writer, did honorable service for the life of the Nation. Of the six companies of the First Regiment on the field, twenty-nine were killed and forty-five wounded. The killed in the Jacksonville company were Capt. Zabriskie, John Emerson, Augustus Kanaugh; the wounded, Lieut. McConnal, Al. Barr, Augustus Kersaw and James Thornly, who died from his wound.

On the morning of the 24th, when it was discovered that the Mexican army had retired from our front, there was many a glad heart. I remember to have heard David Henry and Daniel Olds, men past 50, of our company and mess, talking when they lay down on the night of the 23d. One said to the others "I am so sore and stiff that, if the regiment is moved about to-morrow on the double-quick, as it has been to-day,

I can't keep up with it; but I propose to make those Greasers pay for my scalp." So, doubtless, many a weary one felt as he lay on the bloody field of Buena Vista on the night of the 23d. But as the day broke clear and beautiful on the morning of the 24th, and as the eye swept to the extent of vision the plains that fell off southward, it revealed the fact that they were cleared of the swarming Mexican forces with whom he had wrestled in deadly conflict on the preceeding day.

Lieutenant George T. M. Davis of Co. A, was detached from that company to serve as Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Shields. Sergeant Edward Evert of the same company was wounded while we lay at San Antonio, in arresting a Texas desperado, but he brought him in and turned him over to the military authorities from whom he was taken by a writ of *habeas corpus*. Sergeant Evert was furloughed and in some way became connected with the New Orleans Picayoune; Jordan Downard of Co. A, died in hospital at Solttillo, March, 15, 1847; Charles R. Knapp, May 17th; John F. Owens died March 11, 1847. Bepjman Pounds was disorganized for disability at New Orleans, in November 1847; Michael Slouse was left sick at Persido. Sergeant Burns and Private Oliver, H. Cunningham, John W. Hoyte, Daniel C. McNiel and John W. Vandierburg were detailed by order of General Taylor for service in the quartermasters department.

In Co. B, Lev Bixby was promoted from a private to a musician by Col. Wetherford; Thomas Diley died in hospital at Solttilto, March 10, 1847; Thomas Given and Patrick Burk were sick in hospital at the same time; Deais Griffin was dishonorably discharged by order of Gen. Wool. Charles Bradley, Philip Mains, Francis

Quinn, Q. O. C. Tyler were detached for service in the quartermasters department. Lieutenant Chester of Co. C, was furlonghed May 24, 1847; Wilson Whitlock was appointed Corporal in Co. C, March 18, 1847; James M. Ashlock was discharged on surgeons certificate, March 22, 1847, and George W. Morrow, April 7th; David Stephenson and Morrill were detached for service in the quartermasters department May 17th. Daniel Orda, of Co. D, died in hospital at Saltillo March 29th, 1847. Geo. I. Huoy, an M. D., was detailed by Col. Hardin for hospital steward, July 4th, 1846. John Hopkins was detached for service in the quartermaster's department May 17th. Elwood Hines was discharged to enlist in Captain Meairs mounted company, May 29, 1847.

In Co. E, John Black Sr., was killed near Cessaloo, February 24, 1847; Daniel Jacobs was discharged in March on surgeons certificate and Leonard M. Gillett was discharged in May to enlist in Captain Meairs company. William Stephenson died March 25th from wounds received at Buena Vista.

Of Co. F, Henry Alexander, Job Brown, David Brown, Elias Bender, Thomas Campbell, Nelson R. Crane, Henry Crum, Dominic Dignan, Alonzo Decker, Thomas H. Davison, Robert Henold, Thomas Hitchcock, Francis Kirtly, William Lockhart, John M. Lockhart, James Murry, James Mahan, Charles Piterman, Harrison Patten, Sam Parker, Francis Rock, John Shriver, Ephriam Spencer, Howard Vandergrif and James Vandergrif were discharged in May, 1847, to re-enlist in Capt. Meairs company of Co. G; Beverly Cox died in hospital at Saltillo, March 12, 1847; J. J. W. Hagne was detached for service in the quartermasters department on the 15th of May 1847.

Of Co. H, Daniel Pentzer was severely wounded. He was the first man of the regiment wounded in the battle of Buena Vista. Morris G. Remes a musician, was discharged on surgeons certificate March 17, 1847; Edgar M. Low was discharged May 22, to re-enlist in Captain Meairs company.

Of Co. I, William McKoy was promoted to be a corporal March 24, 1847; Corporal Clay W. Harley died March 23, 1847; Thomas Cameron died in Hospital in Soltillo, April 15, 1847; Philip Black, George N. DeWitt, Benjamin G. Falston, William L. Gibson, Charles Haughterling, William Kelley, John P. Nichol, Charles R. Pouse and Joseph Story were detailed for service in the quartermasters department.

Of Co. K, Lieut. Ervin was quartermaster and parsons aid to Gen. Churchill; Corporal Slack was wounded at Buena Vista, and Private Frederick Rikow. Dr. Harmon Ellring was sent back from Presido to San Antino and was never officially heard from afterwards. John Wells, Henry Porter and Jacob Miller were detached for service in the quartermasters service. Francis Boroughs, Adam Black, George Upperman, Fremman Willit, Fred Weaver and Franklin Comly were discharged in May, to join Captain Meair's company. Meair was a rather superior cavalry officer of the volunteer service. He became this, by an order issued by the war department to recruit from the regiment about to be discharged a company of cavalry during the war.

In his report of the Battle of Buena Vista, General Taylor said: "The 1st/22d Illinois and 2d Kentucky, served immediately under my eye, and I bear willing testimony to their excellent conduct throughout the day. The spirit and

gallantry with which the first Illinois and second Kentucky engaged the enemy in the morning restored confidence to that part of the field, while the list of casualties will show how much these three regiments suffered in sustaining the heavy charge of the enemy in the afternoon.** Col. Bissell, the only surviving colonel of these three regiments, merits notice for his coolness and bravery on this occasion. After the fall of the

field officers of the first Illinois and second Kentucky regiments, the command of the former devolved on Lieutenant Colonel Witherford, and that of the latter upon Major Fry.*** The limits of this report forbids a recapitulation of them (subaltern reports) here, I may however mention **Lieutenant Colonel Wetherford, first Illinois; Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, Major Trail and Adjutant Whiteside of the second Illinois regiment and Major Fry of the second Kentucky regiment as being favorably noticed for gallantry and good conduct.***

To Major Warren first Illinois Volunteers, I feel much indebted for his firm and judicious course, while exercising command in the city of Saltillo."

CHAPTER VII:

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH HOME—INCIDENTS—
DISCHARGED—AT ORIZABAS—ON THE BOUNDING
HILLS—AT HOME.

For the next two months we lay in camp at San Juan Ranch, holding this, the advanced position of the army of occupation, waiting for the arrival of the forces that were to relieve us preparatory to our return home.

The first to arrive were two regiments of Ohio infantry, fresh from home, with bright, new

uniforms, so that the regiments that had fought the battle of Buena Vista looked quite shabby. These new regiments called us ugly names, and criticised the way in which we had fought the battle of Buena Vista, and were constantly telling wherein we could, and they would have done better. Consequently it was not long till there was bad feeling between the old and the new regiments. Fist fights were of almost daily occurrence. About the 1st of April, a member of Capt. Conner's Texas Rangers, who had been with us through the campaign, came in from Saulto, somewhat intoxicated. Men of Col. Curtis's Ohio regiment was on guard at the point where parties to or from the city had egress and ingress. This man was so boozy that it was thought best to detain him under guard for the night. It was not long until the men off duty began to talk about the battle. By and by something was said which some one to have a little fun, told the partly intoxicated Texan, reflected upon the old soldiers who had fought the battle, and that he ought to resent it. It would not, and did not, take much persuading. The Ohio men thought they were arranging for a little innocent amusement in planning a duel to be fought with blank cartridges. The preliminaries were soon settled, the ground stepped off, seconds appointed, guns loaded with blank cartridges, as supposed, the men placed in position and the word given to fire, when, to the amazement and horror of all his comrades, the Ohioan (who was well connected and a very worthy young man) was seen to fall at the crack of his adversaries gun. How the Texan's gun happened to be loaded with a ball was never known, but the effect of this most unfortunate

affair was to stop all bantering and picking at the old soldiers, though their uniforms were ragged and soiled.

A few days before we began our march to the coast a number of us got permission to visit the battlefield and to ascend to the summit of the mountain to the west of it. After passing over the battle-ground we ascended the mountain and were surprised to find what appeared to us, from the valley, to be a sharp peak, had a flat surface, at its summit of nearly a mile in circumference. I think I never saw anything so grand as the view from the summit of that mountain. We could see to the south of Agua Nueva, and cross the intersecting valley from east to west, far on the south of the direction of Encarnacion then for miles and miles east, up the intersecting valley toward Parras, from whence we had come in such haste in the preceeding December, and then for leagues away to the west, over a territory that our feet had never pressed. As we stood and gazed with rapturous delight on the lovely valleys spreading away to southeast, south and southwest, we were startled by a crashing peal of thunder, as it seemed, right under us. To our amazement, when we cast our eye down the mountain side to the immediate east and northeast, the whole valley in which was our encampment was hid from view by dense clouds. Great masses of them would seem to heave up from beneath as the smoke of a whole pack of artillery suddenly belched out from muzzles of the guns. We could see the lightning flashing in and on the tops of the clouds, with peal after peal of thunder, as if the world's artillery were let loose on the plain below. After an hour's war of the elements below, the clouds dispersed and the plain came in view again.

There, to the northeast, the canvass tents of our little army looked like rows of snow balls in the distance. During all the time of the war of elements beneath we had the clear-blue sky and bright sun unobscured above us.

May-30th we broke camp at San Juan Rancho, to begin our homeward march. Gen. Wool accompanied us a mile or two north of satio, and took leave with a highly eulogist speech, though his feelings were so wrought up that he could scarcely speak.

General Wool's parting order is as follows:

† HdQ'rs, BUENA VISTA, May 28, 1847.

Order No. 302.

The term of service for which the first and second Illinois Regiments have engaged to serve the United States has nearly expired, and they are about to return to their homes. The general commanding takes this occasion to express his deep regret at the departure of those who have been so long under his immediate command and who have so well served their country.

New can boast of greater marches, hardships, privations and none of greater gallantry on the field of Buena Vista. It was there that the General witnessed with infinite satisfaction their valor, which gave additional lustre to our armies and increased glory to our country. Their steadiness and firmness in connection with the second Kentucky of foot in mastering the Mexicans at a critical moment when there was five to one against them, and as General Santa Anna, said "when blood flowed in torrents and the field of battle was strewn with their dead," we may justly ascribe a large share of the glorious victory achieved over twenty thousand men. A great victory it was true, but obtained at too great a

sacrifice. Hardin, Zabriskie, McKee, Woodward, Yell, Clay and many others fell, leading their men to the charge. Their names and gallant deeds will ever be remembered by a grateful people. In taking leave of these regiments the general can not omit to express his admiration of the conduct and gallantry bearing, of especially of Colonels Bissell, Wetherford and their officers who have on all occasions, done honor to themselves highly sustained the honor of their country in the battle of Buena Vista. His trust was this will attend them to their homes where they will be received as the pride of their families and of their state. John E. Wool, Brig. Gen., commanding.

We were some three and a half days in reaching Monterey sixty miles to the northeast of Sattillo. There, we went into camp for four or five days, at what was called the Walnut Springs. Why they were so called, I know not. Certainly I saw no Walnut there. There was a fine grove of live-oak timber, with a sprinkling of black ebony. While we were encamped there, one of our boys captured an armadillo. It was not only the first one I had ever seen, but the first one I had ever heard of. When I got home I thought I could tell the people of two things new under the sun—flying-fish and armadillos. Imagine my disgust when I found that other people besides me knew of their existence. From Monterey, we took it by easy stages until we got to Camargo. It was about noon when we got to Camargo. The regiment was strung out in double file nearly a quarter of a mile long when the head of the column came into the village. But we, in the rear, heard a familiar voice at the head of the column that caused us to quicken

our pace and close up our ranks. It was the voice of Joab Wilkerson, whose company disintegrated on the Public Square, at Jacksonville, who stood disconsolated as he saw our company move away in triumph to the war. He was lieutenant in one of the new regiments from Illinois, on its way to the interior. He was on the lookout for our regiment, which he knew was coming in, and as he met the head of the column he lifted a voice that whoever had heard it once would remember it to the day of his death.

Here we were discharged June 17th, and mustered out of the service and paid \$100 each, portion being pay due, and the remainder mileage and government rations furnished us with transportation to New Orleans. We marched to old Renosho where we took transport down the Rio Grande to Matamoras, thence across the country to Brazos Santiago where we shipped for New Orleans. It was 10 o'clock at night and the moon was shining brightly as we passed up the beach to Brazos. The sand crabs were darting about; the writer had never seen or heard of them and supposed that they were tarantulas, nearly jumped out of his shoes, keeping out of their way. The next morning we paid a Mexican silver dollar for a breakfast of biscuit, coffee, fried eggs and ham. I thought it one of the most delicious meals we ever enjoyed.

After being out six days we sighted the mouth of the Mississippi and signaled for a pilot boat which soon came alongside and towed us up to New Orleans. Spending one day in the city we

took a steamer for St. Louis arriving in that city July 1st. Most of the men remained in St. Louis until after the fourth, but on the evening of the 1st, myself, brother and a messmate named William Warner took the packet for Naples' arriving there on the morning of the 2nd. In the afternoon we climbed in the rickety old stage and started for Jacksonville with Rev. Joel Goodrick as a fellow passenger. We arrived a little after dark in dear old Jacksonville and stopped at the Mansion House on the north side of the square.

A number were lying around in anticipation of the return of the company, among them the Stacy boys, David Simmons and Henry Coffman; it had been agreed that on the first arrival of return volunteers the little old iron gun was to be brought out and fired. The news spread like wild fire, the people flocked in, and for the first time in our lives we were being lionized. They sang to us; they made speeches at us; they, with the old six-pounder, fired salutes for us, until the whole town was in an uproar. When their exuberance of enthusiasm had effervesced, they put us to bed in the biggest feather-bed it was ever our misfortune to get into of a hot July night, where, for want of sense, we staid and tumbled till morning relieved us.

So here we are at home once more. We can hardly realize that it is a fact that we have been to the mouth of the Father of waters, around the Gulf of Mexico and marched from the Mat-

tagorda bay across Texas a territory large enough for an empire. Through three states of Mexico a distance of 700 miles participated in one of the hardest fought battles on the American continent, crossed the Gulf of Mexico twice, traveling in all, a distance of 4,500 miles and I still lack two months of being eighteen years old, the age I gave to get into the service. When I lied myself in, I knew I could lie myself out. Better than that, I have served my time out; I am honorably discharged; I have realized my boyish dreams; I have "wore a uniform and saw a battle" if I didn't "come hobbling home on crutches."

T. J. BRYANT.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

History of Company D, 14th Illinois Infantry.

(BY CAPTAIN T. J. BRYANT.)

PREFACE.

In writing a history of Company D, 14th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, we are necessarily compelled to deal with facts of history connected with the entire regiment, and the causes that made its call into being necessary. After the termination of the Revolutionary War, or the war for Independence had been brought to a successful issue, the articles of Confederation under which the colonies acted

were found inadequate as bond of union, charter of rights, legislation and administration. So a call was agreed upon for a convention to frame a constitution, suited to the colonies as a united and consolidated general government.

This convention assembled in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 2d of May, 1787, and it was very soon found that the slavery question, was the disturbing element that threatened to dissever the colonies as to the continuing the African slave trade, for which North Carolina was neutral, Virginia with the Northern colonies, though for different reasons wanted to put an end to the African slave trade. Whereas on the other hand South Carolina and Georgia absolutely demanded as a condition of co-operation and the foundation of the new constitution and government under it, the perpetuation of the slave trade.

After weary weeks of anxiety the immediate difficulty was bridged over by a compromise, allowing the continuance of the African slave trade until 1820, when it should cease, and thence forward be prohibited.

During the debate on this subject Mr. Butler of South Carolina, insisted that a

guarantee for a rendition by the general government of fugitives from service to the owners, be incorporated in the constitution and a demand was also made for the three-fifths clause in representation. Thus it will be seen that from the formation of the constitution all along down the history of the government, to the outbreak of the Rebellion, slavery was the great disturbing element.

Men and women of to-day, thirty years old and under, remember as a dream the gathering of ~~their~~ then early childhood, when in the midst of throngs of intensely excited people, they saw their mothers clinging to their fathers, while sobs choaked their utterance, then unclasp their hold with looks of unutterable anguish as the husband and father, with choaked utterance prayed for God's blessing upon them as they pronounced the painful good-by, knew little of the intense convictions of the anti-slavery element of the country, as to the encroachments of the slave power on constitutional liberty, for a quarter of a century prior to the opening of hostilities in order to destroy the Federal union, to build a slave empire on the ruins thereof.

It was not the cotton gin that brought about this result, but the result of the report of a man by the name of McDonald, a practical cotton raiser of Mississippi, who in 1808, was employed by the East India company to go out there, and introduce and superintend the culture of cotton.

His attempt failed, and his employers gave up their **project**, and McDonald came back to this country, and reported the failure of the project to successfully grow cotton in East India. So that it appeared that America was to be the cotton producing field for the world. Cotton leaped from five cents up to eight cents per pound, the cry was at once raised cotton is king, so that the deeds of manumission that christian slave holders had on record, for the benefit of their slaves at their death, was made impossible by unfriendly legislation, making it impossible for the master to free the slave, without giving bond for his maintainance in case he should become a pauper, or the slave to go free unless he could give security for his good behavior. Thus in a very short time the perpetuity of slavery was determined upon, and the political ecclesiastic-

al and social circles of the cotton belt, combined to preach and prove if possible, that slavery was the negroes normal condition, and that it was a great civilizing agency, to raise the degraded African from barbarism to christianity. To this end laws were enacted that made it a penal offense to teach the slave to read and write, and at the same time to terrorize the non slave holding element of the south into subserviancy to the slave (oligarchy, the sister State commerce, trade and business was abridged, the free circulation of literature proscribed, liberty of consciences, press and speech denied, until the machinery of the government of the South was like the famous whispering gallery, repeating every murmur of discontent into the ears of the oligarchy controlling the government, legislature, religion and society, as the skilled exhibitors moves and controls their puppets. The condition of things had driven thousands of the more independent in spirit and liberty loving of the South, into the free Territories and States of the Northwest, who from personal knowledge of the evils and abuses of slavery, were its most radical opposers.

CHAPTER I.

Slavery the disturbing element in the formation of the Federal Constitution—Letters on the impending issue in 1860—Evidence that Congress had power to prohibit Slavery in the Territories, conceded by Southern Representatives from Slave holding states. Slavery robs its victims of natural rights, civil and religious liberty, liberty of conscious speech and press. Illustrations of each given.

The following letters written in 1859 and 1860, will give the student of history an idea of the state of things and feeling that existed north and south, immediately proceeding the out break of the Rebellion.

THE IMPENDING ISSUE.

GREENFIELD, ILLINOIS, Dec. 20, 1859.

Editor Carrollton Press:

I propose writing an occasional article for your paper, upon the current political topics of the day. The subject of slavery in its various phases, absorbes all other subjects for the timebeing, and will therefore claim our first attention. This subject derives to some extent, its immediate promiuanee before the public, from the abortive effort of the insane erratic John Brown's invasion of Virginia to stampede and carry out of slavery a large number of colored persons at once. From this fanatical attempt to accomplish what was

106 almost a moral impossibility, and if it could have been accomplished—the method attempted finds favor among a very few of the anti-slavery people of the nation. Yet it has furnished an occasion to the South as the repeal of the Missouri compromise did to the people of the North. The commonwealth of Virginia is acting her part by professing to be thrown into spasms of fear from the abolition North's designs to invade her sacred soil and liberate her human chattles.

The whole southern delegation in Congress, taking their cue from poor old posing Virginia, ~~and~~ are demanding congressional protection for their peculiar institution. In consequence of these demands, it is our duty to carefully examine and weigh the subject before we act.

The question arises in the very outset, has the general government by congressional legislation the right to throw national protection around slavery in the States? or is it simply a creation of State ordinance law and legislation? There are several reasons why we are inclined to the opinion that the general government has the power to give the legislation asked for; chief among these is, that Southern Statesmen are too astute to ask for any congress

action that would be unconstitutional. That the general government has a right to act through congressional legislation, is manifested from the ordinance of 1787. It seems to me that the statemen of that day understood the subject of slavery in its relation to the general government, and the public domain as well or better than the statesmen of to-day do, and that they understood slavery in the public domain to be under control of Congress, the ordinance of 1787, proves without the shadow of a doubt.

This view of the subject was maintained up to 1821, for the express stipulation of the Missouri compromise is, that from north of a certain line, slavery shall be excluded by the act of Congress. The correctness of this position of the fathers and purer statesmen of the Republic, was reaffirmed by the compromise of 1850 in the passage of the fugitive slave law, for if the general government has a right to ~~return to slavery a man whom the State~~ in which he is taken, by her constitution and legislative acts declares to be a free man, then the government under opposite circumstances, has the right to liberate the bondman though the State in which he is found by her constitution and legis-

10 | lative acts declares him to be a bondman. We further maintain that the above is now recognized by action of their congressional delegation by the entire pro slavery elliment north and south, and demanding congressional enactments for the further protection of their rights in slave property, not only in the Territories, but in the States. To suppose that the South, with their professed knowledge of Democracy and constitutional law, would come demanding of the general government action where it has no constitutional authority is absurd.

In as much as the slave power comes conceding the right, and demanding governmental legislation, for the better protection and security of slave property, it is our duty respectfully to consider their demands, and if we find them to be in the interest of humanity in accordance with the declaration of independence, the genius of our government and the wellbeing of society, we presume the Republican party, in its kindly feelings, will consent to grant what is demanded. Then why this ~~hugh~~ and cry in the South and by Northern dough-faces, of submission to their dictation, or they will desolve the Union?

We assure the slave ~~oligarch~~ of the South and their "suple Jack," allies of the North, that the Republican party in this new attitude of conceding constitutional, prerogatives of ~~the~~ congressional power to legislate within the States, to the extent, that they shall have not only Republican form of government, but that the government shall be Republican in fact—though the threat, that if they are not "let alone and let have their way they will brake up the Union, is nearly 2,000 years old. See Math. 3, 28 and 29.

Being fully persuaded that ~~fore~~ lies at the foundation of both threats and demands, and this far has driven you in this demand, to recognise correct views on this very important point of constitutional law, we are very willing that the Republican party should do its part in the constitutional way that you have pointed out. But in order to exact justice, it is necessary to see if this peculiar institution is in keeping with the genious of civil and religious liberty, forif it destroys natural rights, liberty of press, speech and of conscience, your demands ought not to be granted.

GREENFIELD, ILLINOIS, Jan. 2, 1860.

In my last article I took the ground that if slavery did not interfere with the natural rights of man, liberty of speech, of the press, and of conscience. It would be the duty of Congress to grant the South's peculiar institution the pro-

tection that is demanded for it. We propose now to take up the first item in our inquiry and examine it by the constitutional bill of rights, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, institute domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our prosperity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.

This bill of rights constituted and ordained by the constitutional convention, approved and adopted by the States composing the Federal Union, cannot be abolished. It may be liberalized and extended in its scope and meaning, but any right secured by it, to any citizen can never be taken away without due process of law. Further we must inconsistently interpolate the constitution ~~at~~ this preamble or bill of right by the declaration of independence, which declares that ~~all men are born with certain inalienable rights,~~ among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The enquiry arises, does the enslavement of the African by the organic law and statutes of the slave holding States, disprive the colored man of any or all of these enumerated rights and privileges? In so we cannot consent to any further legislation that would tend to bind them more firmly, or perpetuate their bondage.

If we are not greatly mistaken, the slave codes of several if not in all the slave States, gives the

master absolute control over the life of the slave, which may be taken for the most trivial offense. It takes away from the slave every vestige of his natural rights, he must go at the beck and nod of another, he is liable at any moment to be sold away from his place of birth and all the kindred ties of nature, his children may be torn from him by the cruel system that has doomed him to hopeless toil, and worse than all this, his nuptial vows are a farce, having no legal binding force, his wife may be defiled by the master or any other white villain at their pleasure, his daughters may be outraged in his presence, and he has no legal redress or sympathy from what is supposed to be decent people of the slave holding class, in a word every natural right of the man is destroyed by slavery, from this standpoint no wonder Jefferson declared that "every attribute of the deity is opposed to slavery."

Slavery not only demoralizes its subject—it brutalizes those in contact with it, in proof of this it is only necessary to instance the case of South Carolina's **chivvrons** son, United-States Representative Brooks, stealing up like a cowardly cut-throat behind Senator Sumner and striking him down in the United States Senate Chamber, like any other brutish cowardly slayer.

But one of the very worst features of the system, is its fearful strides toward a complete and universal amalgamation of the races. Many of the proscribed menial class, has the most aristocratic blood of the so called Southern aristocracy.

etacy coursing through their veins, that this bleaching process is advancing rapidly, is forced upon the attention of every observing traveler through the south. Talk about negroe equality and amalgamation in the North, in the South it is a fearful reality.

Further, it is a well established fact, that will not be disputed by any person acquainted with Southern society as it exists, that in many instances the father sells his only child by a slave mother,—mother and child together to appease the wrath of his outraged wife, and if his child of the slave mother be a female, whom the Creator has endowed with regular and beautiful features and a graceful form and movements, she is almost sure to become the victim of Southern lust, sometimes willingly, but more frequently by brutal force. With these facts before us, independent of other considerations, which will appear in due time, we cannot consent to yield to the demands of the South and the encouragements of slavery; to say nothing of the barriers raised, that obstruct interstate commerce and communication, that have developed in the last few years, that is fast isolating the South from the North, as effectually as the Chinese wall did the celestial empire from the outside world."

GREENFIELD, Jan. 9, 1860.

The second item that demands our attention is, "Does slavery destroy liberty of Speech?" That it does is ~~contended~~, by Mr. Crawford in his remarks before the

the lower house in Congress on the 15th of December, 1859. 21

Liberty of speech is so completely destroyed in the Cotton States, that men have been driven from their borders, for the simple expression of a preference for one man above another for President of the United States.

It may be urged in extenuation of this act of despotism, that it is an isolated case, and that the entire South, is not to be held responsible for this outrageous ill-liberality. We answer most certainly not, unless it is practiced by Southern communities as a rule, toward all anti-slavery men and utterances.

Is the above an extreme statement and an isolated case? No, a casual remark by a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that a community "could not be engaged in putting down a greater evil than slavery," was made the pretext for driving that community from their native States, vocations and homes. As a further illustration of this intollerance in Southern society, we instance the treatment of James J. Miller and Emmons J. Coe, who last year were traveling in Rowan county, North Carolina as agents for a publishing house in Hartford, Connecticut, when they were arrested and taken before the Police Court, where the presiding Justice confessed that there was nothing known against them, but as traveling agents of a Northern publishing house they were suspicious! Why that they had been lurking around, talking with and trying to sell

12 books (Helpers of course) to the "niggers," which if could have been proven, (a process thought to be unnecessary in the South) could have done no possible harm, for the very best of reason, viz., because the negroes were not allowed to learn to read, and therefore if it had been that awful books of Helpers, they would have known no more about its content, than a goose knows of grammar.

But notwithstanding the confession of the presiding Justice, that there was no knowing or **provable** guilt, they were sent to prison by that astute justice, from which they were discharged on their paying \$4.12 jail fees, and agreeing to leave the county. As a compensation probably for the jail fees, they were escorted by the sheriff to the hotel, where they procured a conveyance to a railway station, where after being closely questioned they were graciously allowed to return to the North. These outrages against personal liberty, are samples of Southern ideas of right, and we trust will be rebuked by a liberty loving people at the coming Presidential election.

GREENFIELD, ILL., Jan. 16, 1860.

The next item in our inquiry is, "does the slave power, in order to maintain its power and existence, find it necessary to abridge the liberty of the press." The press is admitted by all who are intelligent and are thoroughly Democratic and patriotic to be the palladium of civil and religious liberty. It is a guiding star whose

light is next in importance to the Bible. It has proved itself heroic in its Philanthropy, untiring in its enterprises, firm and faithful in its advocacy of the right, and justly occupies a place in the affections of every lover of humanity and liberty.

It is only Kaisers, Czars and Emperors, who riot in unlimited power, that have hitherto scouled upon and labored to destroy this engine of liberty. But no crowned head that has arisen in Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg or Paris, have shown themselves more determinately opposed to, or afraid of the 'printing press, than the slave power. In Mobile, Allabama, the selling of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was recently thought to be an offence of sufficient magnitude, to outlaw and drive a citizen from his home and occupation. In Maryland the ownership of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by a free colored man, and a minister of the gospel, was judged by administrators of law, of sufficient magnitude to send him to the penitentiary.

In almost every slave State the slave power has mobbed and destroyed newspaper presses, that have had the virtue, boldness and independence to denounce that incubus, that is arresting the development and retarding the growth of the fairest part of our common country, wherever it has had the power, it has involved and attacked the printing press on "free soil." — It not only destroyed the "Free South" a newspaper in Kentucky, because it opposed the extension of slavery, but citizens of

12 Missouri in times of profound peace, invaded Illinois, and killed Elijah P. Lovejoy and broke up and throwed his press into the Mississippi river, and during the Border war in Kansas, Missouri ruffians sacked Lawrence and destroyed its liberty loving press. It has gone farther than this, in its war on the freedom of the press, it has captured and corrupted the General and State Governments, so as to make it possible to rob individuals of their money and of their dearest rights, by constituting ever Post-master in the South a sovereign censor of books and periodicals, with all other printed matter, from whose power there is no **appeal**. By this the liberty of the press is not only effectually destroyed, but the Post office—the private vehicle of communication, whose trust should be as inviolable in keeping secrets committed to it, as the confessional,—but instead of this it is by the slave power and the venality of the General Government, **administered** by the Democratic party—the most venal and corrupt party that ever existed in American politics—turned into a resemblance of the Greek Tyrants, whispering gallery, so as to convey every whisper in support of civil and religious liberty, into the ears of the slave oligarchy, the American despotism; the design of which it will soon be found, is to overthrow the Government, destroy the Union and constitutional liberty and crush out the very germe of liberty.

GREENFIELD, Jan. 23, 1860.

The last interrogatory is, "does slavery destroy liberty of conscience?" This is a serious question, that ought not to be raised only from considerations of the gravest character. There can be no justification for raising and discussing questions of this character, until there is many reasons to believe that the tendency of things is to an upheaval of the social fabric, resulting in a complete change in the existing order of things and that too, not in regard to the extension of civil rights but the restriction of all of those enumerated in the preamble to the constitution. It was the love of these that drove the Puritan Fathers from England to Holand, and from thence back to England, and then ont to the New World.

The above enumerated rights are guaranteed to the humblest citizen of these United States, by the preamble to the National constitution, as also the first amendment to the constitution, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridge the freedom of speech or of the press or the right of all the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of their grievances."

The above is, as Stephen Arnold Douglass said of the Missouri compromise, "It is canonized in the heart of every American citizen." Grave as the raising of this question is, it is forced upon us by the slave-oligarchy. This withering curse,

13 (this foul blot upon the escutcheon of the Nation's glory, deplored and depreciated as it was by Washington, Henry Jefferson and Randolph, Democracy has attempted to nationalize, and when defeated as defeated they surely will be, they are threatening to raise the standard of revolt, destroy the Union and overthrow constitutional liberty.

They have already destroyed personal liberty until persons of one section of the Republic cannot follow their avocations in life, within the domain of slavery, it matters not how laudable these enterprises may be in themselves. It has destroyed liberty of speech, until free white citizens of irreproachable character, have been lynched because of their political opinions. That eminent man for piety and learning, Dr. Nelson who at an early day founded the "Institute" at Quincy, Illinois, fled for his life before a Missouri pro-slavery riot, and some of his friends, less noted and known, went on foot by way of Hannibal and crossed the Mississippi, and then on foot again to Quincy, to arouse friends that ~~by private arrangements they~~ might be got across the river from danger (by slaveocrats, that were more fierce and cruel than Bloodhounds. It was while he was in hiding for two days and a night on the banks of the Mississippi river opposite Quincy, Illinois, that he composed those verses that have moved and thrilled so many hearts:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,

And I a pilgrims stranger
 Would not detain them as they fly
 Those hours of toil and danger,
 For oh we stand on Jordans' strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before the shining shore
 We may almost discover."

It has not only proscribed opinion but has destroyed that liberality that restrains personal violence and turns all violators of civil statutes over to the constituted authorities for trial and punishment of crimes.

It has substituted therefor, lynchings, tar and feathers, riding on rails and personal insecurity to those who have violated no civil statute. Presses have been destroyed by irresponsible mobs, books are proscribed, periodicals and papers have been seized and burnt by enactments of legislatures and the convenience of officers of the General Government high in authority, and thus the United States constitution has been violated and governmental authority has been prostituted and the sacred right of the people violated, and life and property made insecure by the worst form of tyranny that ever existed, under the much abused name of Democracy.

It has gone farther, it has proscribed religious bodies among the most numerous wealthy, loyal and influential in the Nation. It has mobbed and killed her ministers who were peaceable law abiding and innocent citizens. These are grave charges that ought not to be made hastily or rash-

ley. But who can look tamely on and see liberty rudely snatched by a despotic minority, from an overwhelming majority, without entering solemn protest thereat?

But the question at issue is, "The evidence of the destruction of liberty of opinion and of conscience by the slave power under the name of Democracy." The first evidence we adduce in support of these statements, is the treatment which ministers and members of the M. E. Church have received at the hands of minions of slavery, as represented largely by the M. E. Church south, but while they have been foremost in these bloody deeds or proscription and persecution, other churches have not been slow to follow.

In Lewis county, Missouri, the Rev. Mr. Kelley was dragged from the altar of his church, while he was in the discharge of official duty, under the plea that he was an escaped prisoner from the Iowa State prison, when they knew that he was engaged in the work of an Itinerant preacher on the particular circuit, than it had been since the convict had escaped from the penitentiary at Ft. Madison. They knew that in height, form, feature and complexion he did not resemble the escape convict, but under the false plea, there was an opportunity to wreak their helish malice on a minister of an anti-slavery church. He was so inhumanly treated by this pro-slavery mob, that in a month after he arrived at his home in Lewis county, Missouri, he was borne by his berieved wife,

orphan children and sorrowing friends to his grave. Yet pro-slavery hate was such there was no redress offered, not even the arrest of his murderers. Public sentiment of Missouri ~~applauded~~ the act to such an extent, that the officers of the law made no attempt to arrest the guilty ones who ~~there~~ and ~~are~~ ~~known~~ known, they are yet at large, unwhipped of justice. In the spring of 1856, at Rochester, Missouri, the Rev. Mr. Sellers of the same church relations that Mr. Kelley, was toun by a pro-slavery mob, the alledged reason was, because of the report of the committee on slavery to the highest eccleseeastical body of the church, and while the report on slavery failed to pass, (it ought to have passed) for the want of a constitutional majority, Mr. Sellers was set on and tarcd by a drunken howling pro-slavery Democratic mob.

In attempting to expostulate with that infuriated representative of inódefn-Démócracy, a drunken, lawless mob, and to arrest these outrageous proceedings, Rev. Mr. Holland, a gentleman seventy years of age, a local preacher in the M. E. church, a native of the South, and who had been a citizen of Missouri for more than twenty years, was shot through the head and instantly fell dead. Yet the perpetrators of this heinous offence against God and man, ~~were~~ never disturbed by an arrest or trial, though they were known to and by the minions of the law.

In the spring of 1859, at Bonham, Texas, a conference of the M. E. Church, with

15 the Bishop, the church official, who presided over their deliberations was wated on by a mob during public services on Sunday, and notified that because of their well known anti-slavery sentiments that their presences was offensive. The third resolution which was read to Bishop James and the conference is as follows:

Resolved, that the teaching and preaching of the ministers of the church do not meet the views of Famin county, and must therefore be stopped.

In this mob was the pastor of the M. E. Church South at Bonham, Texas, Judges Lawycers, Doctors, and the most wealthy and prominent citizens.

On the 19th of December, 1859, the Missouri legislature refused to incorporate the southwest university at Jefferson City, Missouri, because it belonged to and was under the patronage, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Since John Brown made his raid on Harpers Ferry, Virginia, the "Richmond dispatch" has attacked the M. E. Church in its columns as follows: "It is a subject worthy of grave reflection, that much of the western and northwestern portion of Virginia and that section of the State which John Brown selected as the theater of his operations is under the jurisdiction of the Baltimore conferance, a part of the M. E. Church (north) whose discipline opposes slavery and prohibits the purchase and sale of slaves. The preachers of this conferance occupies almost every neigh-

borhood and town in western Virginia, and in the valley. Their opposition to slavery is well understood, and the influence this must have on the minds of all classes may be easily imagined." 53

It will be seen by the foregoing that the offence of the M. E. Church, thus proscribed and persecuted on slave soil is, first, because she has the independence and virtue to dare to speak out against a great moral and National wrong. Second, in case of an attempt to overthrow the constitution and government by violent and revolutionary means. The attitude of the M. E. Church is unmistakable such, as that she would be a constant steadfast and powerful ally to the General Government, hence she must be driven from slave territory at any cost and hazard.

But while it is undoubtedly true, that she is anti-slavery in her doctrine and her discipline, is or, can she be insubordinate and factitious to the institutions of any civil Government where she labors, while she is true to the constituted authority? Let her doctrines and discipline speak for themselves.

ARTICLE OF FAITH XXIII.

"Of the rulers of the United States of America, the President, the Congress, the General Assemblies, the Governors and the Councils of States, as the delegates of the people, are the rulers of the United States. According to the division of power made to them by the constitution of the United States, and the constitution of

15 their respective States. And the said States are a sovereign and independent Nation and ought not to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction."

The M. E. Church has appended a foot note to this article, stating that "we believe as far as possible, it is the duty of christians, especially of christian ministers to be subject to the supreme authority of the country, where they may reside, and to encourage obedience to the powers that be. It is expected that all our preachers and people will behave themselves as peaceable and orderly subjects."

We are glad to say that in all the bitter agitation on slavery, that none of our people were ever indicted and punished by due process of law, for inciting the colored people to discontent and to rise against their masters, and yet with the sainted Wesly, she steadily bore her testimony to the fact, that "it was the sum of all villainy" and that every legal and legitimate means was to be resorted to, to destroy it.

CHAPTER II.

The writer makes stump speeches, and has a discussion with Hon. A. G. Burr at Hardin, Illinois. Ominous political out-look. Leading men of Greenfield meet and consult. The canvass of 1860. Sharp aggressions on the part of the Republicans. Democrats sore. Jackson Spreder. Sharp points. A man radical in work. Unfounded rumors. An old bachelor. A public meeting. Company organized.

In the canvas of 1861, we had taken so deep an interest in the pending political situation, that we had not only written the foregoing articles, that were regarded

at that time as quite radical, but we made several stump speeches in Calhoun county, and had a debate at Hardin, the county seat, with A. G. Burr, who was afterward the Democratic representative to Congress from that, (then the tenth) congressional district of Illinois, when in answer to the question from him whether according to the constitution of the United State's slaves were persons or property? We made the telling point on him, that according to the wording of the constitution they were persons, first, "persons owning labor," and in the three-fifth rule "three-fifths of all other persons."

Soon after the election we began to be fearful that the National horizon was being over cast with clouds that protended war. W. A. Tunnell, R. E. Tunnell, Ed. and Noman Wooley, Captain Ellis, ~~Goh~~ ~~Kinkaid~~, Dr. Dunn, I. R. Ostrum, E. L. Cooper, George Sherfield, James Rieves and the writer, met occasionally at night, at E. L. Cooper's store, to talk over the situation and outlook, while Capt. Caswell, G. W. Allen, Esq., Eri and O. L. Edwards, George Jaynes, and J. H. Weisner seconded every effort to strengthen the hands of the Government in every possible way. In those dark days immediately proceeding the outbreak of the Rebellion, Greenfield was the largest village in Green county that had a decided Republican majority, and outspoken Union sentiment, and because of this, such men as Merril Balinger, Thorp and Rhodes toward Rockbridge, George Burroughs and William Balinger near Dover; Stephen Smith and

16 Benj. King toward Athensville; Love and Dick Metcalf, in the direction of Fayette, throw their influence with the outspoken Union sentiment at Greenfield. There were as strong Union men at Fayette, White Hall and Carrolton as any we have mentioned, but Greenfield was at the time of the outbreak of the Rebellion the strong Union town and precinct of the county.

It is lamentably true however, that in every thing in this life, there is a certain amount of selfishness, and this is especially true in politics.

The canvass of 1860 was not exempt from prejudice and selfish jealousies, that were still rankling in the minds of the defeated Democrats, when the outbreak came. They were unusually sore because of defeat. Second, because of the sacrifice of Douglas and the treachery of the southern wing of their own party to him especially, in taking enough ultra State rights Democrats from the vote in the North to give every free State to Mr. Lincoln. Third, the local leaders of the Democratic party about Greenfield were not astute enough to see that they had to deal with a young vigorous and aggressive party, that was on the alert to smite them hip and thigh, with accusation, argument, jib and jere, so that they were not as wise as they ought to have been in their speeches and movements. The Republicans knew that they could not carry Green county, but the leaders determined to make it as hot for the Democrats as possible. They secured

one speech from Owen Lovejoy, the most effective stump speaker that was ever in the State of Illinois. They were constantly on the watch to decoy ~~many~~ Democratic feet into pits and pits, so as to worry them in every possible way. 71

Among the Republican local leaders, there were Merril Balinger, Capt. W. A. Ellis, W. A. and R. E. Tunnell, Dr. W. A. Dunn, E. L. Cooper, Ed. Wooley and a dozen others that could be mentioned that were as good thinkers, talkers and workers as they were, that made the canvass lively, and altogether unpleasant for the Democrats.

Without any of the above, the Democracy were mortified and chagrined enough at the opposition that was offered to Douglas at Charleston, that resulted in the rupture of the party and ultimately in their defeat. It was humiliating enough for northern Democrats to have to submit to a platform with a secession plank in it, and to put a secessionist on it, was to much for human endurance. So they revolted and set ^{up} for themselves, when the news came that the northern wing of the Democratic party had nominated Douglas at Baltimore, the Barrs Store Democratic club sent word to the Democrats at Greenfield that they would come and help them ratify on a certain night. The time appointed arrived and with it twenty-five or thirty from Barrs Store, with a flag, drum and fife, came into Greenfield just after dark. After marching round the public square they

17 halted in front of Rieves' Store, because there was quite a platform for the benefit of ladies who come to the store to trade, to mount and dismount on, this platform the faithful now utilized as a rostrum for their speakers.

The Republicans that had gathered to see and to hear, outnumbered the Democrats.

The speeches were not of a very high order of thought or rhetoric. The next week a burlesque written by William A. Tunnell under the cognomen of Jackson Spreder appeared in the Carrolton Press. He gave a pretty fair representation of the number of each party present, with synopsis of the speeches made, only the spelling was outrageously bad, and the grammar a little worse than that of the speakers. Of course he spoke as a Democrat, and congratulated himself upon the fact, if there were more Republicans present than Democrats that they helped to swell the crowd to respectable dimensions.

The editor of the Carrolton Gazette for twenty years had conducted it as a Whig paper. Four years before he had supported Fremont for the Presidency and some roomer reported that one of his daughters had said that the reason why her father had turned Democratic was because that the opposition party in the county was so weak, that it could only afford them bread to eat, and that they published a Democrat paper in order that they might get butter to eat with their bread.

Jackson Spreder claimed that the reason why he sent his articles to the Republican paper for publication, was that four years before the Gazette had been a bitter and relentless opposer and accuser of Democracy, and that it was only in the Democrat party for bread and butter. 77

The Democrats accused me of writting the article, and of course was greatly embittered because of it, it can do no harm to the dead for its true origin to be known. Considering its time, circumstances and life likeness of the pictnres it drew, it was equal to the best effort of Artemius Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby or Mark Twain.

Another illustration of the sharp point constantly being made on the clambey defenders of slavery is found in the case of a young Democrat that belonged to a family that was quite poor in this world's goods, the young man supported himself as a hired laborer—which was all right and respectable. He had some relations in Missouri which he visited after the bnsy work season of 1860 was over, when he came back early in September, he seemed to be delighted with slavery, and took a great deal of delight in telling how the negroes had been civilized and christianized by being brought to this country. and that their condition was better every way than that of the common hirling in the free States. We listened to one of these speeches from him, and at its end said, "Yes, I should think you would go and sell yourself into slavery and better your condition."

17 These kind of sharp cuts through the canvass, and their defeat at the election had not left the Democrats in a very admirable state of mind, and in the spring when the war opened, they had not recovered from their chagrin, so that some of the apparent opposition from Democrats to the war for the maintainance of the Union is doubtless to be accounted for, from these facts.

But Democrats were not the only ones who were chagrined before the thing was over. There was a Republican who was exceedingly radical in word. In February, 1861, when Seward and leading Republicans with such border statesmen as Crittenden of Kentucky, were trying to find some safe and honorable ground for a compromise that would tide the incoming administration over the shoals of secession until it could demonstrate that it did not propose to interfere with slavery in the States, and it would faithfully enforce all National constitutional legislation promptly and in the spirit of the law.

This man approached and asked me what I thought of Seward's effort for a compromise. We told him that while there was nothing in republican principles or ascendancy that was detrimental to the real interest of the South, yet as the South professed to be alarmed as to the safety of their interest and right as to slavery under the constitution, and had actually passed secession ordinances, and were persuading the timid that the North was cowardly,

and would not fight, and thus they were deceiving their people, and getting them into a false and dangerous attitude, and as we were satisfied that there could be no such thing as peaceable secession, and therefore all such talk, even though it came from the New York Tribune was a cheat and a delusion, and that war was such a terrible thing, that we would be willing to do anything that would not be dishonorable, rather than to see the sections plunge into war. Mr. "Radical" said yes! the leaders of the Republican party, and the rank and file were such cowards that they would get down on their knees to the Democratic party, at the beck and nod of the slave oligarchy to keep them in a good humor, but if he did have to stand alone, he would shed the last drop of his blood before he would do it.

We told him that we were not particularly anxious to shed our blood, but from the present appearance of things, it looked as if all who wanted to shed blood, were going to have an opportunity to do so, and when the occasion arose we believe that we would be quite as willing to shed our blood as he.

When Sumter was fired on and captured, and when we were engaged in raising the first company that went to the war from Green county, Illinois. This man had a son about eighteen years old who volunteered to go in the company, when his father learned of it, he came and accused me of trying to decoy away his son who was under age, without his knowledge.

or consent, and that no gentleman, much less a christian would engage in anything of that sort. I told him that I thought like he did about a man decoying away a minor without a parents' or guardian's consent, but that he was mistaken about there being anything private or clandestine about it. Meeting for recruiting were public, recruits were publicly drilled and when the time for rendezvous came, our departure would be public, and our muster rolls could be seen by any one who desired to. True, we were recruiting a company and we were glad to have any able bodied man join us, even if it was his son, but we recognized the fact that he had a right to control his son until he was of age, but now that the time for blood letting had come, he was not willing to spill his nor allow his boy who was willing to do so, and in this respect he was not as patriotic as Artemus Ward who "rather than to allow the Government to be destroyed was willing to sacrifice all his wife's kin folks.

Who fears to speak of sixty-one,

Or blushes at the name?

Not those who at boom of Sumter's gun,
And its wilder echoes at Red Bull Run,
Turned from their homes, and each loved one,
To beat back treason's flame;

Turned from the checkered dance of Life

To tread a measure with Death--

From quiet home-calm, to tumult and strife,
From the meeting hymn to the drum and fife,
From the clinging arms of parent or wife,
To the battle's sulphurous breath!

Changed the comforts of laundered wear
For a foul and verminous shirt;

The household's love and healthy care,
 For the hideous woes, worse than swinish fare,
 And depths of Andersonville's despair,
 For hunger, and thirst and dirt!

Changed the furrowed field and meadow sweet,
 The peaceful routine of trade,
 For the weary march with blistered feet,
 Its wet and cold, its dust and heat;
 The homestead's sheltering roof and seat
 For a share in a dog-tent's shade.

Where they mercenaries, each and all,
 With just the brute force of cattle,
 Who stood a living rampart wall
 Where cannon, grape, and minie-ball
 Sent scores to answer the last roll-call—
 (On whose ears no Senator's "fraud" cries fall)—
 Dead in the front of battle!

Did the barbarous pageant of war attract
 Each "Yank" from a safer duty?
 Or loot to be gained from towns they sacked?
 Or was it "for fun," and big pay, in fact,
 That called Private Smith to be shot and hacked?
 And the hope of "beauty and booty?"

You one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged man!
 And you, old physical-wreck!
 Was it buying cotton you were in the van,
 When that traitorous fire in your rear began?
 Tell that, safe-in-the-rear, peace-at-any-price clan,
 Tell Wall street's libelous sheets, if you can,
 And that border buzzard, Beck!

No! The Nation's future you held in trust,
 And the world your valor praised;
 'Twas not till your blades were laid to rest,
 And the banners you bore thro' the bloody dust
 Of historic fields saddle were thrust,
 That this "huz and cry" was raised!

During the time I was recruiting my company we received several anonymous letters, informing us that we and all others who were spoiling to fight could be accommodated to all the fighting that we wanted to do at home.

It was roomered that the company

19 would not be allowed to pass through Athensville on its way to its rendezvous at Jacksonville. Some of the men wanted to ~~Star up~~ ⚔ Athensville upon suspicion, but better council prevailed. The company was stopped in the village an hour however, for them to show their disloyalty if they wanted to. Dr. Waters who was said to be the ringleader of those who were belligerent took us to his home, and treated us like the prince of good fellows. Indeed all the inhabitants of the village acted very friendly and kindly toward us, so that we are still inclined to think that the whole thing was a canard.

Beside the man radical in word, we have an old bachelor in Greenfield who was a very enthusiastic Union man, and was very anxious for every body to go to the war but himself. The following takes him off to a nicety:

Upon the burricane deck of one of our gunboats, an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted on his hundle, toasting his shins against the obimney and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry, that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments at Fort Donelson, I began to interrogate him upon the subject:

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa,"

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yea, sa, and would hab run soona, had I known it war coming."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage." 01

"Nassa, dat isn't in my line, sa; cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Yah yah! reputation's nuffin to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It is worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self preservation an' de just law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon their lives; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would that be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa, I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; there would have been no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa; a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers; let alone a dead nigga; but I'd miss myself, and dat was de pint with me."

Rendezvous. Organization of the 14th Regiment Ill. Volunteers. Penchant of men. Accident. Col. Palmer shows off Regiment. Off for Quincy. Incident. Canton Missouri. Capture of Senator Green. Picket duty. Monticello and beyond Scott & McKnight. Tom Barton's shot. Back to Canton. Quincy. Accidentally shot. Hannibal. Off for Monroe station. Macon City. False alarm. In command at Hannibal. Incidents. Company rejoins Regiment. Hoaxed.

Immediately after the firing upon Fort Sumter a public meeting was called by the Union men at Greenfield; to meet in the basement of the M. E. Church, to take into consideration what the community ought to do to strengthen the hands of the government. We were put forward as the speaker for the occasion, and introduced the subject by stating "that slavery, which was contrary to the dictates and instincts of human nature, as also to the law of God, was the disturbing element that had loosened the bonds that had bound southern citizens in loyalty to the Union. Second, the Democratic party, and especially the southern wing of it, are now and always have been sticklers for a strict construction of the constitution. They must therefore, understand constitutional law, and are certainly honest enough not to ask the congress of the United States or the general government to do an unconstitutional thing.

"Up to this uprising against the life of the Union, they have been asking for a more stringent law for the return of slaves. Now we lay down this proposition, if it is constitutional for the general government to return an escaped fugitive from a State under whose statutes he has acquired freedom, to a State whose statute makes him a slave, then reversing the power of the government it has the same power to go into a State whose constitution and laws makes a man a slave,

and declare him a freeman. Judging then by their own logic, had the general government done this, she would not have transcended her constitutional limits. And as long as a government does not transcend her constitutional prerogatives, there is no justifiable cause for rebellion." 07

"Third, the territories do not belong to any geographical section no more than do the army and navy. Like the army and navy, the territories belong to the general government to be used for the benefit of the people of the whole Nation. The object of the framing and bringing into being the constitution as a bond of Union between the sections was to extend and perpetuate liberty. It is expressly stated in the bill of rights. 'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of North America.' A bill of rights constituted and ordained by a convention called into being by the people, to frame a constitution as a bond of union between them, is never to be abridged. It may be liberalized, enlarged and extended as the constitution of these United States may be, by conferring liberty and franchise where they are not now enjoyed, but it cannot take them away, except for crime, from those who now enjoy them. Hence the general government is charged with seeing that no section takes into a territory during its territorial existence, anything detrimental to the interests of any other section, and there is, therefore no justification for this rebellion."

When I sat down, the assembly, and prominent

among them, Capt. Caswell, called out a young lawyer of Democratic persuasions to state what in his opinion ought to be done under existing circumstances. He asked to be excused but Capt Caswell insisted that he should speak. Finally he took the floor and said, "that it was an uprising brought on by extreme men North and South. That Southern men had notified the North, that if they brought forward and elected a man that they considered hostile to slavery, thereby making slavery insecure, that they would secede and set up for themselves. The North had not heeded the warning and after the election of an Abolitionist, the South was alarmed, Mr. Lincoln fired the South by removing the garrison from Moultry to Ft. Sumter.

Second, the United States government had agreed not to revictual and reinforce the garrison at Ft. Sumpter without the consent of the authorities at Charleston, and they had refused to receive and treat with the commissioners of the Confederate States, for ceding the Southern forts to the Confederate government, with an equitable division of public property between the governments. If Ft. Sumpter had been given up as true statesmanship dictated it should have been, a conflict might have been avoided until the second sober thought had come to the South, and a means of compromise might have been found.

But instead of that, Mr. Lincoln and his advisers had inaugurated a policy inimical to Southern interest, that had fired the Southern heart, and it seemed to him that the true policy for conservative men to pursue was to let hot-headed Abolitionists and Seceders fight it out." We did not wait to be called out, but sprang to our feet and said that a crisis had arrived and

that every American citizen, whatever his political opinions were or had been ought to take a stand for the life of the Nation. 09

We stated that we applaud and admired E. D. Baker, who said to his brother Whigs when Mexicans attacked Taylor at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, that the reason he supported the Mexican war by speech, vote and person, was in war, he was for the government's right or wrong.

Every patriot in a crises like this should rise above partyism to do or die for the Nation's life. Even if the North had been wrong in its theory that the territory belonged to the whole people and not to a section, and that it was to be held as a sacred trust until such time as a State it could act for itself in regard to its internal, social and domestic relations and institutions that would not justify rebellion or secession until all constitutional remedies had been tried and failed.

But the North is not wrong, neither does the Republican party in the administration of the general government claim the right or desire to interfere with slavery in the States. They have the right which they have exercised to elect a man of their own way of thinking, to be president according to the constitution, and when they have done this, they have a right to inaugurate and transfer to him the administration of the government. The last speaker affirms that Mr. Lincoln's administration has not kept faith with the South in abandoning Moultrie and occupying Ft. Sumter. These forts do not belong to the State of South Carolina, or to any confederation of States outside of the general government. They belong to the United States' government, and it has the right to occupy either or both of them without regard to South Carolina.

21 na or the Southern Confederacy. Then he said Mr. Lincoln refused to receive and treat with the commissioners of the Confederate States for ceding these forts and an equitable division of property. Let me remind him that the abandonment of Moultrie and the occupying of Sumter, took place under Buchanan's administration.

Why did he not order the reoccupancy of Moultrie. South Carolina sent commissioners to treat with Mr. Buchanan's administration. Why did he not receive and treat with them? Mr. Buchanan knew that to evacuate Sumter or to receive and treat with these commissioners would forever blacken and disgrace his administration, and coward as he was, he turned it over to embarrass the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Chairman, I hope before God, to-day, that my right hand may forget its cunning, and that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I consent to sink the patriot in the partisan!"

† The result of the meeting was the appointment of one that night at the same place, to begin to raise a company to assist in defending the Nation's life. When the meeting was convened and organized, a call was made for volunteers, I rushed to be the first to sign the paper. But was beaten by John Hogan and T. A. Weber, who became the first volunteers in Greene County. When the company was full it organized by electing T. J. Bryant, Captain; R. P. McNight, 1st Lieutenant; and J. E. Williams, 2d Lieutenant.

It went into camp at Jacksonville, Illinois, May 9, 1861. Was mustered into the United States service for three years by Captain Pitcher, May 25th.

It is but just to say that the young Democratic lawyer organized the next company at Greenfield and at the close of the war found himself Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment.

* On the morning of the 9th of May, 1861, the Greenfield company assembled in the public square, preparatory to its departure for Jacksonville, the place appointed for its rendezvous and regimental organization. The farmers of the surrounding country had volunteered to take them to Jacksonville in their wagons. The company was drawn up in line, open column, for the convenience of their friends, who had come to see ~~the~~ leave of them. While it was a sad and solemn hour for parents, brothers, sisters and sweethearts, the noble fires of patriotism nerved them for the occasion. Aunt Margaret D. had with her own hands prepared the necessary outfit for her youngest, as noble a boy as ever laid down his life as a sacrifice for his country. Aunt Lucy E., with streaming eyes, said to Mrs. T., "How can you give up Drue, your oldest boy?" Like a Spartan mother, she replied that she was only "Sorry that she did not have fifty to give." as I saw fond mothers take their boys in their arms and press them to their bosoms and print the kiss of love and affection on their lips, with "God bless and protect you my noble boy." I felt the tears gather in my eyes, while my heart throbbled and my bosom heaved with pent up emotion, but as commander of the company I thought that it would be unmanly for me to break down and cry in the presence of the company and their friends. I could not choke down my tears, and to be out of sight I stepped around to the north side of E. L. Cooper's store to be alone, where I found my first Lieutenant weeping as if his heart would break.

The leave-taking, like all things earthly, was over at last and the company moved away amid the tears and cheers of its friends. We took dinner, and fed our teams at Apple Creek, and drove into Jacksonville and Camp Duncan before night-fall.

The first Saturday after we went into camp it rained all day, and turned quite cold during the night so that the men suffered from cold. This was announced in the churches on Sabbath morning, and by night the citizens of Jacksonville supplied all our wants in that line.

The State authorities furnished us rations in abundance, and good enough for any body. The men were poor cooks, and they laid their poor fare to the rations, and not to the bad cooking, and this produced a general discontent among the men.

At home they were the peers of their officers, the restraint that was put upon their actions, compelling them to stay in camp and out of the city, without a written permit and the getting this permit depended largely on the consent of company officers, chafed them, new as they were from the freedom of home, and though their volunteering and going into camp had pledged them to respond to the call of the President to enter the United States service, if made within thirty days. Yet when the call came about 100 men in the regiment refused to offer their services; there were ten in company D, who refused, the causes above enumerated had a good deal to do with it doubtless. But the boys were doomed to disappointment when they got home. Neither their friends or lady-loves were glad to see them home from the war so soon,

3 The 14th regiment, Illinois volunteers was

organized under what was known as the "ten regi- 27
ment act" at Jacksonville, Illinois, May 13, 1861,
by electing Hon. John M. Palmer Colonel, Amer-
K. Johnson Lieutenant Colonel, Jonathan Morris,

Major, Ferod Noltey Quartermaster, Alx Scott
Adjutant, Dr. Head Surgeon, Rev. W. J. Rutledge
Chaplain, M. Mhurler Sergeant Major, and Agus-
tus ~~Boyer~~ Quartermaster Sergeant. Thomas
Thompson captain of Co. A; Cyrus Hall of Co.
B; Augustus Comman of Co. C; T. J. Bryant of
Co. D; Frederick Meed of Co. E; Milton S. Lit-
tlefield of Co. F; Lewis C. Reiner of Co. G;
Andrew Simpson of Co. H; Jonathan Meacham
of Co. I; William Camm of Co. K.

The penchant of the men who composed the
regiment for fun, frolic, and all sorts of escapades,
was unlimited. They would burrow under the
board fence, that enclosed the fair grounds, or
steal the counter-sign by getting on a beat be-
tween sentinels, and when the officer came with
the relief guard and they had got the counter-
sign instead of falling in behind and going to
the guard house, they would steal away to their
quarters, put off their accoutrements, and go
down town to spend the night in fun and frolic,
getting back to camp before roll-call the next
morning.

A short time before we went to Quincy just
before day, the camp was aroused by the squeal-
ing of a hog. The sergeant of the guard went
to the place and found the sentinel busy skin-
ning it. He relieved and took the man under
arrest to the guard house. Col. Palmer ordered
the man to be brought before him for examina-
tion as to why he had wantonly killed the swine.
In anticipation of fun, nearly all the officers and
many men of the regiment had gathered about

headquarters. The Colonel assumed a severe look and asked the culprit, why he had killed the hog? He answered that he had too, to obey orders. At this answer, the crowd laughed. They knew that there was going to be fun. The Colonel looked puzzled, and asked how it became necessary to kill the hog in obedience to orders? Why, said the culprit, my orders were, to let nothing pass me unless it gave the counter-sign. I bailed it, and demanded the counter-sign, but it paid no attention, but came right up to my beat. I ordered it to halt, but it kept right on and was in the act of passing over the guard line, when in order to prevent it I ran my bayonet through it. This answer produced roars of laughter from the crowd of bystanders; indeed a smile could be discovered under the severe look on the Colonel's face, though he condemned the man to two days confinement in the guard house.

While we lay at Jacksonville a man of Co. B, had both arms shot off by the premature discharge of a cannon, that was in the camp, to be used as a signal gun at sun-up and sun-down.

Will Jones, of company D, one day while off of duty at the guard house, was amusing himself by pointing and snapping an old single-barrel pistol at the boys. He snapped it at the sergeant of the guard, who told him he did not allow any one to snap a pistol at him. Jones replied that it was not loaded. The sergeant told him that he did not allow any one to snap an empty pistol at him. Jones said there is no danger in that, and placing the muzzels on the upper part of the calf of his leg, he said look here, and as he pulled the trigger the pistol went off and inflicted so severe a wound that he had to be discharged from the service.

Shortly before our departure from Camp Dun-

can, Colonel Palmer took the regiment into Jacksonville to show off. In passing the female college on east State street, in column of company, the girls cheered us and waved their handkerchiefs. The Colonel was not to be out-done, and commanded us to present arms. How the regiment appeared as it marched past with their guns stuck out, at a present, this deponent sayeth not.

On June 17th we left Camp Duncan for our new encampment at Quincy, Ill.

The ladies of Quincy had a patriotic society, which they called the ~~Picket~~ Guard, the object of which was to make and provide clothing for the sick and destitute soldiers in hospital. Being the first considerable body of organized soldiers who had gone into camp there, they naturally showed us a great deal of attention. Soon after our arrival, they gave the officers of the regiment a reception at their rooms.

On our way to camp from the reception about 10 o'clock at night, Lieutenant Hartly of Co. H, and myself heard a long shrill whistle, which we supposed to be a signal from some of our men who had slipped through the guard lines, and were out on a lark. We thought we would surprise and take them in. It was in a little belt of open wood that lay between our camp on sunset hill, and the city, there was no moon, though it was a clear star-light night.

Shortly after instituting our search, we came upon a man lying on his back at the root of a tree, as we approached him, he sprang up with a drawn dagger in his hand and took up a threatening attitude.

Hartly thrust his hand into his bosom, stepped backed and as he did so said to me, shoot him if he attempts to advance, as we were unarmed, we wisely concluded that we had not lost a man, and fell back to camp in as good order as we could under the circumstances.

While we lay at Quincy, the boys discovered the utility of the town-cow, as they forced her to render up to them her lactalsupplies. They resorted to all sorts of expedition to get into the city, M. F. Mytinger got out of camp by getting into the regimental ice box; George Wilder after taps, put on his accouterments and got onto the beat between two sentinels, and when the relief guard came round, got the countersign, slipped back to his tent, put away his traps, passed out through the guard lines, went up to the city and made a night of it. Cornelious Scott and a few kindred spirits got out of camp one evening after dark, crossed the bay and went to Fort Thomson and after they had debauched themselves, and was full of bad whiskey, they came back and spent the remainder of the night in a grave yard at the edge of the bluffs, a little north of our camp, hooting and screeching like owls.

Our life at Quincy was a routine of drill and dress parade, as it had been at Jacksonville, until July 5th. On the preceding day a Rebel by the name of Soward, had killed a Union man at Canton, Mo.

Canton was the home of J. M. Green, United States Senator, from the State of Missouri, whom the bourbon Democrats had put forward to answer Senator Douglas as to his great principal "Popular Sovereignty." It was believed that Senator Green was fomenting treason in north-east Missouri, while his brother Martin was recruiting a regiment for service with "Pap Price,"

down in "Dixie," hence we were ordered to Canton to arrest Seward and Green, and as far as possible hold in check recruiting for the Rebel army, and Rebel sentiment. The regiment went aboard a boat chartered to convey it to Canton, on the morning of July 25th, 1861. When the boat came in sight of Canton, the men were ordered to lie down and conceal themselves until the boat was landed, and the staging run out. When this was done, at the word of command, the men sprang up and with arms trailed, made a dash for the shore.

The town was full of Rebels and Rebel sympathizers from the surrounding country. When the Federals came on them so unexpectedly, they mounted their horses and left town in great haste. The boys of the fourteenth made for the hitching posts and livery stables and took every horse that they could find and were in pursuit of the flying Rebels in an incredibly short time. Mitch Cheney, of company C., was fortunate in coming upon a good horse already saddled and bridled. As he mounted, Senator Green was pointed out to him. Mitch passed a good many Rebels, but he was bent on capturing large game and pressed steadily after Senator Green. After a run of a mile he came upon the Senator in Thompson's lane. As Mitch came within a few yards, the Senator threw himself from his horse. Cheney took in the situation, and as he came up to the Senator, threw himself from his horse upon Green, before he had time to recover himself and take to his heels, as he doubtless intended to do. It was probably the first opportunity that Cheney ever had for intimate relationship with a United States Senator, and he now formed a very near and close one, while he brought the Senator back to Canton, where he took an oath of parole and ceased to be an open

23. a better of treason. Soward was held in custody for several months, and was then turned loose without adequate punishment for his foul murder.

While we lay at Canton, Missouri, rumor was busy in giving the number and power of a Rebel organization that Martin M. Green, was recruiting for service in the Rebel cause.

Rumor said that he and his Rebel recruits, were preparing to come down upon and scourge us, until we would be sorry that we had ever insulted a sister and sovereign State by invading her sacred soil.

Two companies were taken each day to picket the little village, from the river below the village to the river above the seminary building where we were camped. One night Company D, was placed on picket to the south and west of Canton. We established ourself at the north end of a line a quarter of a mile or more to the southwest of the seminary.

About midnight there were several shots fired at the right of the line, that was under our immediate command. We immediately took a squad of men and proceeded in the direction of the firing, when we had gotten about half way to where the right of our lines had been stationed at the edge of a field, nearly a half mile west of the seminary building we met Mathew O'Hare and the other men that made up the squad coming in. They turned back with us, but we couldn't see nor hear anything, that would indicate the presence of an enemy. They insisted however that a squad of mounted and armed men came through the field and open fire upon them, which they returned, and they were sure that they had wounded one of the squad as they had heard groans. As we in the darkness could see no signs of horsemen, we laughingly told Mathew

O'Hare, that they had probably mistaken a drove of hogs for a squad of men on horseback and their fire had probably wounded a hog. Mathew repelled this with indignation, saying don't you suppose that I know the grunt of a man from the squeal of a hog.

As it was constantly rumored that Mart Green was raising a Rebel regiment, and it was thought best to send out a battalion to see if they could be discovered and dispersed. This suggestion was very distasteful to Rebel sympathizers all through Lewis county, but especially so to the citizens of Monticello the county seat, and for two or three days Colonel Palmer's headquarters was full of professed Union men. "They were Union men, provided Claib Jackson and Sterling Price were let alone, and the sacred soil of Missouri was not polluted by the invasion of Lincoln hirelings.

After hesitating for three or four days, Lieut. Col. A. K. Johnson was sent forward, with the second battalion, to discover and break up any Rebel combinations that might exist west or to the northwest of Monticello. We passed through that town about noon on the 10th day of July, and about six or seven miles west of Monticello, as we were passing out of a creek bottom onto a ridge, in a southwest direction, we saw to the south and east of us, three or four hundred yards away, a number of horsemen drawn up in line, watching our movements. A few shots dispersed them.

After going a couple of miles we came to a prairie, we went out into it a half mile before we went into camp, in order that we might not be surprised by an enemy creeping up through the brush upon us.

After we had gone into camp, Lieut. McKnight of company D, borrowed a horse and with Adju-

tant Scott, of Delhi, Jersey county rode out to the south and east on a reconnoissance. When they were about a mile away from camp they met Mart Green and his adjutant going in a north-east direction, doubtless returning from Monroe City, which Tom Harris had beleaguered the day before, though we did not know it at this time. They all grasped and held their pistols while they passed each other. When Green and his adjutant were out of sight, McKnight and Scott came into camp and reported their adventure. Immediately the camp guard was instructed that if they saw anyone approaching from the outside, not to hail but to fire at them. About ten o'clock at night, as Col. Johnson thought over the situation he came to the conclusion that he had better put picket posts out three or four hundred yards in advance of the camp guard; unfortunately he did not take the precaution to notify the guard of his intention, but passed out at the guard house, situated at about the middle of the line of sentinels on the east side of the camp. He placed two picket posts, from where he had passed out, and then turned west, south of the south line of the camp guard, where he stopped and placed a picket post it was about three hundred yards south of where Tom Barton, of company D., was on guard. It was a clear star-light night. Tom saw them and acting upon his instructions, he fired and shot away the stock of the picket gun as he stood at shoulder arms. From the accuracy of his aim we were not surprised when it was found at Pittsburg landing that so many of the Rebels, were shot in the head as our boys were bound to teach the southern soldiers that they too "knew how to shoot out squirrel's eyes."

On the morning of the 11th, a courier arrived with orders for us to return, in order to go to the relief of the 16th regiment that was beleaguered

at Menroe City. As we returned, we gobbled a Mr. Syre, who was a State senator and a bitter Rebel. He was exceedingly indignant, but in spite of his protestations of outraged rights as an American citizen and senator of the commonwealth of Missouri, we marched him into Canton, and Col. Palmer made him take the oath of loyalty.

It was afternoon when we arrived at Canton, footsore and weary. Finding the good steamer Blackhawk awaiting us, we went aboard joyous as a wedding party, unconscious that the sable-winged messenger was hovering about one of our comrades. With glad songs and mirth we were borne by our gallant craft into the port of Quincy, on our way to Hannibal. While we lay at Quincy, a gun on the lower deck was discharged accidentally, the ball passed through the cabin floor and through the covering of the vessel and entered the brain of private Whitehurst, who was removed in an unconscious state to the hospital, where he died on the third day. This was the first real indication that we might have a fight, it was noticeable that a good many men were nervous. Some had such sore feet that they were quite certain if they were called upon to do any marching, they could not do it. A little good natured bantering soon got them over this.

It was dark when we landed in South Hannibal. The railroad employees and local citizens, who had heard many sensational rumors as to the doings of Tom Harris and his Rebel horde, were delighted to see us, as it gave them a feeling of security they had not known for several days.

While the men were yet in line the denizens of South Hannibal, came with wooden buckets full of whisky, and with tin cups for the men to drink out of. We threw the whiskey out, reproved and told those who had brought it that,

24 While many of the men would not touch it and others would use it with moderation, there were some men in each company who would drink to intoxication, and that the number in the whole regiment would be so great that some of them would get away into the city, and in their drunken fury would imagine that every inhabitant was a Rebel, and therefore a legitimate prey. On account of the railroad track being torn up, we were compelled to remain all night in Hannibal, and, in spite of all we could do some of the men got too much whiskey and raided the town. When a citizen told them they were Union men, they insisted that they owed them whatever they wanted to use, because they were there to protect them and their stuff. When some confessed that they were Rebels, they helped themselves freely, because they said Rebels had no right to life or property.

~~As we traveled the wagon road at Palmyra for~~
Monroe City, we saw Lieut. Gov. Wood at the head of a company of cavalry and two pieces of artillery on their way there. We were delayed repairing railroad track until it was midday, before we arrived at Monroe City. Col. Smith, the day before, by a few well direct shots from a six pound gun had dispersed Harris' Rebel force, but not until the Public School building, which was his headquarters, had been pierced by two or three cannon balls.

We remained only one day and night at Monroe City. We were then ordered to Macon county to surpress Rebel organizations said to be forming in Macon City for service in the Rebellion, and to protect as far as possible Union men, and to foster Union sentiment, and aid the Union element in organizing for its own protection. We were delayed on our way up to Macon City

at Salt river by the destruction of the railroad by Rebels or Rebel sympathizers, but we arrived and took possession of Macon City on the 15th of July, 1861.

On the 16th, we with Co's D and I, and the two pieces of artillery, were detailed to hold Macon City, and guard the railroads at that point. Captain Camm with company K, was left at the Shareton river to hold and guard the railroad bridge, while Colonel Palmer, with the remainder of the regiment went forward to Brookfield. We selected for the encampment of our command, the point where the North Missouri railroad crossed the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad. The H. & St. Jo road was graded down four feet to the south and the North Missouri was graded up twelve feet to the west of the encampment, so that to protect our command, we had only to dig rifle pits to the north and east. After the regiment had gone we placed pickets extending the whole width of the town on the west side. The two pieces of artillery we had mounted on the embankment of the North Missouri railroad, looking westward. About 11 o'clock at night the quiet that reigned over the encampment was broken by W. H. Curtis, who was on picket duty two or three hundred yards to the southwest of the encampment. It was a clear starlight night. Probably in his loneliness he had become nervous. At all events he discharged his gun and came running into camp with the report that the brush was full of Rebels. The officer in command of the artillery had been loading up all the afternoon on lager beer and at the time of the alarm was in a deep sleep. We ordered the infantry into line and then went to awake the artillery officers and order them to man the battery. We then returned to headquarters to sup-

erintend the sending out a reconnoitering party. While busy instructing Lieutenant Williams, who was to have charge of the reconnoissance. We heard the officer in charge of the artillery give the command, "Left oblique fire!" and the roar of artillery startled the sleeping town. Before we could reach the top of the embankment the drunken maudling in charge, had reached the second piece of artillery situated thirty yards north and given the command, right oblique fire, and away it went. He came on the run to the first piece with the explanation, "we give them b——," and commanded left oblique fire. By the time we had reached the gun and ordered, cease firing, but the drunken and half crazy artillery officer broke away to the other gun with the order, right oblique fire, and the thunder of the artillery rang out for the fourth time on the still mid-night air. We took hold of him and threatening to tie him up to a gun wheel, if he fired another time without our order. The reconnoitering party soon returned and reported that there was no real or sufficient cause for the alarm and the camp soon fell into its usual quiet. But not so farther on. Capt. Cam twelve miles west of us heard the cannonading and began to build stockades out of cord wood for the protection of his men, and telegraphed to Col. Palmer that the Rebels had attacked our command at Macon City. On the reception of this news Col. Palmer ordered the cars at Brookfield to return with the regiment to the relief of the force at Macon City, or if it had been captured to re-capture it, and keep open communication through Missouri from east to west by the Hannibal & St. Jo railroad.

Before noon the next day he with the remainder of the regiment came thundering into Macon

City to find that through the nervous timidity of, 49
a boy and maudling drunkenness of an artillery
officer, the famous "battle of the kegs," had
been re-enacted on dry land.

Immediately after the arrival of Col Palmer
and the regiment with company D, were detailed
and sent to take command of the Post at Hannab-
al, and Captain Mencham with company I. to
guard the railroad brigade two miles south and
east of Palmyra.

On our arrival at Hannibal, we went into camp
on "lovers leap" a position easily defended in
case of an attack by a superior force, and where
we could protect the depot, round house and ma-
chine shops of the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad.
The weak point in the situation was water. It
was while I was in command of this post that
the battle of Bull Run, took place.

The Rebel element took particular pains not
to say or do anything in their rejoicing to give
me a legitimate excuse for their arrest and pun-
ishment, yet they pushed their rejoicing to the
outside line of forbearance. I felt and really
wished some old Rebel sympathizer would do
something that would give me an excuse to arrest
and punish him. They were, however, very shy
of being arrested for their devotion to the South-
ern Confederacy.

About the time of the battle of Bull Run a
number of bushwhackers came to within five
miles of Hannibal, captured and carried off Col-
onel Gentry, President of the Hannibal & St. Joe
railroad, as a hostage for the safety of the Owens
brothers who had been captured for bushwhacking
in the neighborhood of Monroe City. Gen. Harl-
bert ordered that seven of the most prominent
Rebels of Hannibal should be arrested and held
for the good treatment and safe return of Colo-
nel Gentry. The seven were taken into custody

25 before noon of the day succeeding the kidnapping of Col. Gentry. My wife's father was mayor of Hannibal, and while not an open and violent Rebel, he was counted a southern sympathizer. On the day of these arrests I had gone to his house for dinner. At dinner time my father-in-law came up from town, passed hurriedly through the front room where I was sitting, and calling his (the Mayor's) wife out. They were absent sometime before dinner was announced. At dinner I noticed my wife's father was not present and there seemed to be an unusual constraint in the family circle. After dinner I sought an opportunity to enquire of my wife where her father was and what was the cause of what seemed to me an unusual coldness or constraint in the family. I learned from her that her father had heard of the order for the arrest of seven Rebels. He and Squire Roberts supposed that the order covered them, so they cut and run. I disabused my wife's mind, but it was three or four days before the family could send word to the fugitives to return.

While camped in Hannibal, on one occasion the orderly sergeant, in drawing rations for the company, drew supplies that were unfit for use. These he issued to the men without saying anything to me about it. About noon the officers of the guard came and told me that the company intended to stack arms and refuse to do duty and that the next relief of sentinels would refuse to go on guard. I enquired the cause of the trouble and was told of the damaged rations. Immediately I ordered the company formed into line. When the men were in line I told them that it was the first that I had heard of their having drawn damaged supplies; that they might always rely on me to do every thing that

was in my power and to see that they were not imposed on, but that the stacking of arms or refusing to do duty was not the way out of but into difficulty.

As soon as they found that their rations were defective they ought to have come and told me and I would have seen that their wrongs was righted, which I would now attend to as soon as I could in person; I always intend as far as it is in my power to see that you all have your rights. I told them that I would not say that company D would not stack arms but would say that it never would be done while I was alive, neither did I believe that when my men came to understand that they might approach me at all times as their friend, interested in their honor and well-being and would guarantee to them as far as possible their rights, at all times and under all circumstances, that they would not desire to disgrace themselves and me by any act of insubordination. With this I ordered the men dismissed and the Sergeant of the guard to call the next relief. Every man promptly and cheerfully responded to his name and went on duty. From that time forward, as long as I commanded the company, there was never a threat by the men that they would not do duty.

When we arrived at Hannibal, we found two companies of Home Guards—who while they were not really—were practically under command of an old blowhard, J. T. K. Howard, Superintendent of the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, who afterwards as Col. of State Militia at Hannibal, disgraced himself and it by shooting an unknown and by many believed to be a demented discharged Federal soldier, as a member of Quantrill's band, who had wantonly murdered a number of sick and disabled Union Soldiers, taken

25] off of a train on the North Missouri Railroad at Centralia.

Capt. Moses' Company that was recruited for a Missouri regiment, and Company D, 14th Illinois, picketed from the river south of Hannibal, to the ridge road that comes up by Marbal creek, and strikes Bear creek west of Hannibal, then north across Bear creek to the London and Paris gravel roads. The Home Guards picketed from north of the city and west and south up to the same gravel road.

A very few days after our arrival at Hannibal, Colonel Gentry, President of the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad was kidnapped to be held as a hostage for an outlaw by the name of Owens. There was also a good many rumors, that a force under a Dr. Foster, a renegade from Hannibal, and an officer of artillery in the Missouri State Guard, under General Tom Harris, was going to attack Hannibal and sack and burn the homes of the Union people of the city.

One night in the latter part of July, some parties probably young Southern bloods, discharged a few shots upon the hill, in the north part of the city, in the direction of the Palmyra road. The Home Guards except those on duty, slept at their homes, with an understanding that in case of an attack, they were to rendezvous at the Round House in south Hannibal. When the guns were discharged the Home Guard pickets ran in, those who were not on duty but were at their homes, leaped up, and got into their clothes in doublequick time and struck out for south Hannibal at a break-neck pace. Market street was graveled, so was Main street down to the bridge across Bear creek. While many of them did not come down Market street from all parts of the city they struck Main street to

cross Bear creek and get to the round house. 57
As they came down Main street pell mell and
helter skelter, their clatter on the graveled road
sounded to us upon Lovers Leap as if a whole
heard of wild buffalos had been turned loose and
stampeded. We cannot vouch for the truth of
the story, but Mosses and my men said that the
Home Guards instead of going into the round
house and railroad offices, jumped into the hor
cars that stood on the track, and pulled the doors
too after them and hid away, as they supposed,
from the Johnnies as snug as flees in a rug.

As we lay at Hannibal, W. R. Love, George
Meldrum and William P. Officer, were all taken
down with Typhoid fever, Dr. Newton of Hanni-
bal waited upon them as attentively as if they
had been his kith and kind, but they were all so
disabled by the fever that they had to be dis-
charged from the service. Officer was especial-
ly lucky, a Methoist family by the name of
Wheland, took him in and nursed him through
his sickness.

Frank Fox, a sergeant of Co. I, (afterwards an
Ade-Camp on General Veatche's staff) was sent
to my care for treatment for Typhoid fever. His
father kept the the Mansion House at Jackson-
ville, Illinois, Fox was very anxious to get home,
which he thought he could do if he could only
get to Quincy, Illinois. I was thoroughly im-
pressed with the idea that a man's own family
and friends would be much more likely to nurse
him successfully through the fever, than inex-
perienced solders. without any conveniences to
make him comfortable. The steamer Black
Hawk made daily trips between the ports of
Quincy and Hannibal. On these trips she al-
ways came down to the freight depot, just under
the bluffs at Lovers Leap, where we were camp-

ed. I had Fox conveyed to the boat, but the Captain objected to taking him without an order from General Headquarters. I believed as commander of the post that my order was sufficient and consequently had him put aboard the steamer. The commander of the steamer waited until he got up to the wharf at Hannibal and then put him off, and pulled out for Quincy. Word was immediately brought me, when I had him taken to the rude hospital, the best I could do, though I preferred to keep my own men in camp, where I felt that they were better cared for, than they would be at the ill-provided hospital among strangers. When the boat returned the next day I gave the Captain the benefit of my opinion of him, that was not of the most favorable kind. But as the Captain of the boat wisely kept as silent as a clam, I found the quarreling of one man an up hill business.

About the 4th of August, companies D, and I, were ordered to rejoin the regiment at Sturgeon, on the North Missouri Railroad. While we lay at that place we were compelled to use water from the tank at the railroad depot. The iron pump gave the water a nauseating flavor. One morning a report was started that a dead negro child had been found in the tank. The commander of company D, whose stomach was sensitive about such things, began to rebel. Sam Mowder, a member of the company, not knowing what had sent the Captain out to cast up accounts, came running with a cup of the aforesaid water to the sick man, saying, "Here, Captain, drink this, it will settle your stomach." The Captain, supremely disgusted, screamed in agony, "Go away from here or I will have a squad of men pour a quart of it down you."

* Jefferson Barracks, Rolla, Emmitt McDonald, Major Sturgis, Cap. Cumm's Scout. Col. Johnson and Lieut McNight join it and find the Journals. Prayer Meeting. Bro. Bunns. Masonic Meeting called and Rube Wisner smells Cowins and eyes drops and Professor Davis comes to grief. Matha O'Han drummed out. Removed to Jefferson City, Mo. A smash up. On to California. Out in a rain storm. Tipton. Price moves on Lexington. Visited by Sec. Camron and Adjutant General Thomas.

✧ On the morning of the 9th of August we went aboard the cars for St. Louis. The bridge at St. Charles was not then finished so that we left the cars at that point and camped for the night on the bank of the Missonri. A boat was dispatched from St. Louis to convey us to Jefferson Barracks, where we arrived on the 10th of August, little dreaming that Lyon's army after his fall through disloyal intrigue, or something else, was being robbed of the fruits of a substantial victory that it had fought and won under the leadership of its brave and devoted commander, who through want of generalship was sacrificed at Wilson's creek on that day. We lay for two days at Jefferson Barracks until the news of that daring and gallantly fought battle was received in St. Louis. The 14th and 15th Illinois Volunteers were then ordered to Rolla to meet and succor the incoming army of General Lyon. We found at Rolla the 13th Illinois and the 7th Missouri, either of which would have been sufficient to have held that post. For more than a month while Lyon had been pleading for reinforcements two regiments were held at Rolla when one was sufficient for every purpose. We were laying inactive in northeast Missouri, and the 15th Illinois, as fine a regiment of men as ever kept time to martial music, was held at Alton, Illinois,

from the 1st of June to the 1st of August, when it was moved to Jefferson Barracks. The 13th, 14th and 15th regiments of Illinois infantry could have been spared, and ought to have been sent to Lyon, in the southwest. Had this been done the history of the war in the southwest would have been different from what it is. We arrived at Rolla on the 14th of August where we lay until the 19th of September. While we lay west of Rolla, Capt. Emmet McDonald, a Rebel officer who had some local notoriety about St. Louis, came in under a flag of truce from General Price. Major Sturgiss had been on a big drunk from the time he arrived at Rolla in command of Lyons' army. He and Captain McDonald seemed to have become especial friends. Their hohnobbing became so open, long continued and disgusting, that Colonel Palmer forbade their passing through our lines. It was rumored among the men that Major Sturgiss swore that unless the United States government gave him a Brigadier's commission, he would go over to the Rebels who would. While out here, Captain Camm was sent on a reconnoissance on the

Piney. While out they came upon a detachment of Rebels under command of Colonel Price, a nephew of Gen. Sterling Price. Our men sent a few shots after them as they skedadled, but while Captain Camm was finding a commanding location for a piece of artillery they had along, the Rebels got away but it turned out that our firing was effective.

On the next day after the reconnoiting party had been sent out, Lieut. Col. Johnson and Adjutant McNight went out with the view of finding and joining the expedition. When they had gone about where they thought our men ought to be,

they came upon a cabin with a number of horses hitched about it. It was afterwards ascertained that our men had wounded one of Price's men and he was in this cabin. They rode up and hailed, a man looked out and notified those within that there were two d—d Yankees without. Bob said when this communication was made that the Johnnies swarmed out to the number of a dozen, shot guns in hand, and opened fire on him and the Colonel. The Colonel had no trouble in getting away on his fine roan charger, but the Adjutant was mounted on a mule, and as the Johnnies tickled the mule with bird shot instead of running as did the Colonel's horse, he began to jump up and down and bray. Mack had nothing to persuade that animal with but his bit which came back to camp with its glorious beauty all departed.

Captain Camm after chasing Col. Price away, picked up a man who said he had never seen a cannon before. Camm thought he was too green and brought him to camp as a prisoner, when they came in with him a Judge Wilson of the county happened to be in the camps, he recognized Mr. Greeny, as a member of Clabe Jackson's itinerant legislature.

While we lay at Rolla the religious men of ours and other companies, were in the habit of holding a weekly prayer meeting at my tent. There was a man of Company H, by the name of Bunn's, who claimed to be a Baptist Preacher, who with others was a regular attendant. There was something about the man that was forbidding, yet there was none of us who personally knew that he was a fraud. So he was courteously received and allowed to take part in the meetings. In the courtesy thus extended him, he was more lucky than Prof. Davis, a seargeant of

company F, who come to attend a meeting of Free Masons called to meet at my tent, in order to consult together as to the advisability of attempting to get a charter from the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois, for a traveling Army Lodge. As the meeting had been suggested and called by men of company D, and as they knew one another to be Masons without a formal examination and trial, R. E. Weisner proposed that a committee of Masons be raised from company D, to examine and test all who claimed to be Masons. This was agreed to, and in the examination of Professor Davis, Weisner said that he could smell cowins and eve-droppers, whereupon the meeting adjourned, and if Professor Davis did not come to grief, the meeting to ask for a charter to organize a traveling lodge did.

While there were fears in the minds of those christian men as to the christianity of Rev. Bunns, there was no secret tests by which we could prove him an imposter as there was in Professor Davis' case. We did not have long to wait for the evidence in Brother Bunns' case however, for one Saturday he took too much tangle-foot, so that he not only became loquashus and hoistrous but insubordinate for which Captain Simpson had him arrested and sent to the guard house. I saw him between the file of soldiers and was so loath to believe my eyes that a preacher could do anything that should subject him to the indignation of being sent to the guard house. I went up to the file of soldiers that had him in charge. The first thing I understood of his talk to the men who had him in charge, was his declaration that it was a d——d shame to treat a preacher in that way, and that he had an appointment some six miles away from camp for preaching the next day, and that he would now be compelled to disappoint his congregation. The

guards insinuated that a man in his condition 73
could not be much of a preacher, and as a consequence it would not be much of a disappointment to his congregation, at which he swore that he could beat either Chaplain Rutledge or Captain Bryant's preaching.

After this drunken escapade he threw off the religious mask and became his true self, one of the most profane and vulgar men we ever knew. He deserted in the fall of 1862, while we lay at Beliver, Tennessee, but we never went anywhere in the south while we staid but we found somebody who knew Brother Bunus as a preacher. We met him in Camp Point, Illinois, in 1878, he was still passing himself off as a preacher. He made himself scarce when he found that we were stationed there.

While we lay at Rolla, Mathew O'Hare who we have already introduced to our readers, had a fight with a hully of our company, though Mathew was a little fellow and his antagonist a large man. Mathew drubbed him neatly. The fellow so richly deserved all that he got, the boys lyonized Mathew until his head was turned entirely. Naturally fond of the creature, Mathew gave himself up to strong drink, and in order to indulge his appetite, would steal out of camp and hide away at Rolla for a day or two at a time, until it became necessary to punish Mathew for his short comings. He threatened the Captain's life because of the enforcement of discipline upon him. This came to the ears of the Colonel who caused regular charges to be preferred against him, which resulted in a sentence from the court martial trying him of having his head shaved, to be dishonorably discharged and drummed out of camp. It was a sad sight for the officers and men of company D, to see poor Mathew with his head shaved preceded by the

27 Drum Corps playing the rogue march, and he followed by a patoon of soldiers, as he was put through the guard lines, to mingle with us no more. What little things turns men's heads and ruins then forever, the whipping of a bully is a small thing to puff up and ruin a man.

When in spite of the protestations of General Hunter and all the officers at Rolla we were ordered to Jefferson City, a detail of a half dozen men from each company was left to guard our baggage, wagons and teams until a special train could be sent up for them. We submitted cheerfully to being sent off with nothing but our arms, haver-sacks and one blanket a piece, as it was thought that we were being hastened forward to go to the relief of Muligan who was besieged at Lexington, Missouri, by General Price with 20,000 men.

The train that was to bring our baggage got up, loaded and started, via. Franklin for Jefferson City before night-fall the next day. There were very few telegraph stations between Rolla and Franklin, and the result was that the train ran into one coming up from Franklin, the most of our mules were killed, our wagons were smashed, and John Falter of company D, was so badly injured that he died, and Samuel Culbertson, that he had to be discharged from the service.

While we lay at Rolla, ~~James~~ Reno, William R. Love, William P. Officer, William Yates and William Picket were discharged for disability, as has been already intimated.

We heard as we lay at Rolla, of Price's advance on Lexington. All the officers from Colonels up, sent petition to General Fremont to let General Hunter, who was then our commander, take the troops then at Rolla, about 5,000 infantry, 20 pieces artillery, 1,000 cavalry,

and press on up the south side of the Osage river and hold Price on the north side of it until Fremont could in his own time come upon him from the north and devour him. This did not meet the approval of the department commander, and on the 19th of September we were put upon the cars and sent down within forty miles of St. Louis, and thence to Jefferson City, to lay in inactivity until Price had gobbled Mulligan.

Price invested Lexington on the 14th and 15th of September, but did not attack our forces vigorously until the 18th, they surrendered on the 20th, but this was not known to the commander of the department for three or four days later. Oh, how green and inefficient we were at the beginning of the war, and regular officers were as bad as volunteers.

When Price reached the neighborhood of Lexington on the 14th, Jeff C. Davis had infantry at Jefferson City including Home Guards, 5,052 men, four pieces of artillery and ninety-nine men aggregate 5,151. Official record vol. 3, page 172. On the 16th Pope telegraphed Fremont that the troops that he had dispatched ~~and~~ would be at St. Joseph on the (18) Thursday, 4,000 men and four pieces of artillery, Vol. 3, pages 176; Sturgis had 4,000 at St. Joseph when Price began to approach Lexington; J. H. Lane had 2,500 at Levinworth while Price was besieging Mulligan, i. e., more than 17,000 available men in striking distance, in less than four days march, and yet Price was allowed to prosecute his siege for six days and capture 3,500 men, 3,000 stand of arms, 1,000 sabers, six cannons, two mortars, 750 horses and as many mules, commissaries stores worth 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 in money.

In Adjutant General L. Thomas report as to Fremont's incapacity he says: After the news of

127 (the battle (of Wilson's creek) reached St. Louis, four other regiments were drawn from Pope in north Missouri, and sent to Rolla. Better to have called in these troops before the battle, as after the battle the whole revolutionary element was called forth. The six regiments accomplished nothing, and were not ordered to advance and cover the retreat of Lyon's army, although it was supposed in St. Louis that Price and McColough were following it, and that Hardee had moved up to cut off its retreat on the Gasconade. An advance of these regiments would have enabled the army to retrace its steps, and to beat Price and McColough so badly, that they would have been unable to follow our forces in their retreat. * * *

Gen. Fremont submitted to Gen. Hunter a paper for advice and consideration, a paper (see exhibit No. 13-6) that set out with a statement that Springfield was the strategical point between the waters of the Osage and the Arkansas and therefore it should be occupied. Why didn't he see this when Lyon was so urgently appealing for help. Hunter replied why go where there is no enemy, go to Lexington where Price is marching, instead of this he was sent to Rolla, and when he was there he saw that true generalship was to place his force on the south side of the Osage and hold Price north of it until Fremont could concentrate his army about Sedalia, and destroy Price. When Price got to within thirty-five miles of Lexington he stopped and waited ten days to see if Fremont was not laying a trap to spring on him if he advanced to the Missouri river, Vol. 3, p. p. 145 and 146.

When on the 4th of October, Hunter's division was ordered to move, his loss of wagons and mules had not been made up, and he wrote to

Col. Eaton that he had forty-one wagons and only 77
forty mules to move them with, Vol. 3, p. 519.
After marching all day Hunter's division laid out
all night in a violent storm without tents and
were without provision for twenty-four hours,
Vol. 3, p. 522, and when ordered to move from
Tipton to Springfield after Price, October 12,
half of his division had not yet reported to him.
Cavalry without arms and whole division greatly
in need of clothing, Vol. 3, p. p. 131 and 132.

These statements and quotations from the official records will prepare the reader for the following more minute statements:

We arrived at Jefferson City, September 20, where we lay until the 4th of October, when because of the smash up of the train that had our teams and baggage aboard and killed the most of our mules also two or three men, we marched to California, the county seat of Manitau county. Our tents and equipage were to be sent by rail. The distance from Jefferson City to California by wagon road was twenty-five miles. We got under way about 9 o'clock a. m., each man with one day's rations and a blanket. At dark we found ourselves fatigued and five miles from California. As the sky was clear and the weather warm and pleasant we lay down in a stubblefield without much regret that night had come on before we had arrived at our destination, but before mid-night it began to rain. The ground was level so that the water stood from two to three inches deep. The Colonel and a few officers and men burrowed in a straw stack, but it was too small to accommodate all. So the writer and a majority of the regiment drew their blankets about them "and let it rain."

When we arrived at California on the morrow, wet, cold and hungry, we found that our tents and camp equipage had not arrived, but as the

27 Rebel citizens had fled at our approach there were plenty of empty houses. So we suffered no inconvenience except want of food and cooking utensils. Necessity compelled the boys to exhibit their "taking ways" that resulted in drawing enough supplies and utensils so that we did not suffer until our own came up.

We were not much surprised from our laggard movements, to hear of the surrender of Mulligan, at Lexington, before we left Jefferson City, though Greeley says, "Fremont had good reasons to believe that Sturgiss had already reinforced Mulligan." Instead of that he had turned tail and fled north, with four thousand troops, and the knowledge that Lane was rapidly approaching with 25,009 troops, another column from Jeff C. Davis of two regiments, with two regiments from Pope's command and four pieces of artillery and 150 cavalry was rapidly coming up. Patriotism of Illinois, Vol. 1, p. 166-7. With these six thousand good troops in supporting distance he abandoning all his supplies in his flight, according to Pollard.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY D.

We here give the Muster Roll of Captain Thomas J. Bryant's company, in the 14th Regiment, of Illinois Volunteers, commanded by Col. John M. Palmer, called into the service of the United States by the President of the United States from the 25th day of May, 1861, (date of this muster) for the term of three years unless sooner discharged:

Thomas J. Bryant, captain, age, 31 years;
Robert P. McKnight, lieutenant, age 30 years;
James M. Williams, lieutenant, age 30 years;
Charles C. Cox, serg't, age 21 years; George W. Bates, serg't, age 21 years; John H. Henderson, serg't, age 25 years. William R. Love, serg't age

28 years; Richard D. Bibb, serg't, age 21 years; Geo. W. Meldrum, corp'l, age 26 years; Thomas A. Welsner, corp'l, age 21 years; Reuben I. Weisner, corp'l age 23 years; John H. Hogan, corp'l, age 22 years; Robert Jarvis, corp'l, age 23 years; Joseph C. Carroll, corp'l, age 27 years; Thomas A. Millhouse, corp'l age 22 years; William H. Wilson, corp'l, age 25 years; Frederick R. Gray, drummer, age 18 years; William Pickett, fifer, age 16 years; John M. Adams, private, age 37 years; James W. Altam, private, age 21 years; Jacob Bowman, private, age 21 years, Thomas D. Barton, private, age 30 years; William Bluman Kamp, private, age 22 years; Noah Boyd, private, age 22 years; William L. Clark, age 23 years; Cornelius B. Cash, private, age 24 years; John Cunningham, private, age 30 years; William H. Curtis, private, age 18 years; Samuel Culbertson, private age 20 years; John Dunn, private, age 24 years; John T. Duckworth, private, age 21 years, Geo. H. Davidson, private, age 20 years; William H. Davidson, private, age 20 years; Johathan G. Davis, private, age 20 years; Jasper Dennis, private, age 20 years; Almanne Fanner, private, age 18 years; John Falter, private, age 22 years; James Gray, private, age 20 years; Philemon Grant, private, age 21 years; Henry H. Jennings, age 20 years; William H. Jones, private, age 19 years; James Kelley, private, age 25 years; Thomas Kidd, private, age 18 years; Milton Kinkead, private, age 20 years; William L. Lakin, private, age 21 years; Michael Lynch, private, age 24 years; Joseph N. Montgomery, private, age 24 years; Ben. F. Mytinger, private, age 18 years; Francis M. Mytinger, private, age 19 years; Geo. McDonald, private, age 21 years; Isaac N. Melton, private, age 22 years; James A. Mitchell, private, age 19 years; Samuel Monder, private, age 18 years; James Niece, private, age 23 years;

Ellis Niece, private, age 27 years; Mathew Ohair, private, age 25 years; William Officer, private, age 19 years; William M. Patterson, private, age 20 years; Thomas Patterson, private, age 19 years; Joseph E. Pearson, wagoner, age 18 years; Thomas Pierson, private, age 20 years; Albert Perkins, private, age 26 years; Albert Rosenstein, private, age 29 years; William Rath, private, age 24 years; Elijah S. Reynolds, private, age 41 years; Frank Rose, private, age 23 years; Michael Rowen, private, age 21 years; Samuel Sanders, private, age 22 years; Jacob Sbelburn, private, age 22 years; Thomas L. Short, private, age 23 years; Samuel Walker, private, age 19 years; Henry Williams, private, age 23 years; George B. Wylder, private, age 26 years; Bluford Wylder, private, age 21 years; Robert Wylder, private, age 32 years; Robert Walker, private, age 30 years; John Whitworth, private, age 23 years; William Yates, private, age 18 years; Charles Yeoman, private, age 30 years; Mark Tracy, private, age 34 years; Thomas Whaley, private, age 27 years; Cornelious Scott, private; Joseph Smith, private; John L. Weedonkiller, private; George Hamman, private.

THE RECORD OF COMPANY D.

At the open door of the cottage
With a book upon her knee,
A fair haired child sat reading
The records of Company D.

"Father, the names are many,
And the lists are long," she said;
"But tell me who are the living,
And who are the wounded and dead?"

Then he took the ancient record,
And he laid it on his knee;
And he told in the purple twilight
The story of Company D.

They came from the heart of the prairie,
These men so brave and true,
Who left their homes and dear ones
To march with the army blue.

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One hundred stalwart ye men,

Flowing in spring time sweet,
Gathering the sheaves in autumn,
Reaping the ripened wheat.

They marched in storm and sunshine,
They fought in the battle rain;
Ah me! 'twas different labor
From gathering golden grain.

On the wild rocky-face mountain
Some rendered up their lives,
With prayers for their stricken country,
With prayers for mothers and wives.

On the plains of snowy Georgia
Others were laid to rest,
With traitor soil around them,
And its clod upon their breast.

Some died on the dreary marches,
Hungry, weary and worn;
And some in southern prisons,
From friends and comrades torn.

And when the crippled remnant
Came back, and peace was given,
Of the hundred who enlisted
The Veterans were but twenty-seven.

By many a blue wared river,
And where Old Ocean's surge,
Wakes through the solemn ages
An anthem and a dirge.

Unmoved by bugle's summons,
Or drum's deep reveille,
While angels guard above them,
Sleep the men of Company D.

"Ah me!" she sighed, "the record
Is sad and full of pain;
Praise God, the war is over,
And the land's at rest again!"

But I'm proud that when the country
Was torn from sea to sea,
My father fought to save her
In the ranks of Company D!"

CHAPTER V.

The War Secretary's opinion. Fremont determines to move after Price. Pious 14th and honest 15th Regiments. At Warsaw, Mo. An episode. Across the Osage. A farce. Palmer promoted. At Turkey creek. So are we Elinolans. Lewisburg. Two days and a night. At Springfield, Mo. Visit to the battlefield. Sturges's false report. Hunters retreat. Back at Tipton. To Syracuse and back. Go into winter quarters at Lamine bridge on December 8th. To Sedalia and back. Tent burn. Off for Jefferson City. Irish brigade arrested. Arrest. St. Louis. Man over board. Col. Hall takes command and reinstates Cap. Bryant from arrest. Off for Dixie. At Cairo. Donalson. Death. Over the battlefield. The 14th Mississippi and 14th Illinois compared. The natives see their first "Yanks". Preach to the Regiment and pray with the sick. Buckner's dog. Fort Henry. Gray backs. Gen. Grant virtually suspended from command. Gen. C. F. Smith in command. Expedition up the Tennessee.

From California we moved on to Tipton October 12th. While we lay there it was rainy and became exceedingly muddy. The Missouri reserve corps, which was mostly made up of Germans, made a raid on a lumber yard to floor their tents. Colonel Brown of the 7th Missouri infantry was field-officer of the day. He ordered them to desist, but they swore that they wouldn't and went ahead, when he found they paid no attention to his order, he fired his pistol among them and winged his man; the marauders returned to their quarters, gathered in groups to drink and to discuss the situation until they had worked themselves up to a point of an attempted assault on the provost marshal and guard, their

encampment was surrounded with artillery trained upon them. They slunk away to their tents and became silent.

Here, on October 13th, we were visited by the Secretary of War and Adj't Gen. Thomas, who after inspecting the army and situation, decided not to remove General Fremont from his command in the midst of a campaign, but told him that he did not have sufficient transportation to carry his army in pursuit of Price to the southwest. This, however, General Fremont determined to do. While we lay here we heard of the death of Wm. Patterson and John Falter of Co. D. Falter was hurt in the smash-up between Rolla and Jefferson City.

It was the opinion of the Secretary of War, Hon. Simon Camer and Gen. L. Thomas, adjutant general of the army, when they visited Gen. Fremont at Tipton, Missouri, that he could not make a campaign to southwest Missouri after Price, for the want of transportation.

Immediately after the departure of the Secretary of War, and the Adjutant General for the east, Gen. Fremont took away from the army all regimental teams, except two, one for headquarters and one for the hospital. The wagons and teams thus taken from the regiments were put in the supply train, the men being required to carry on their person, a blanket, tin cup, plate, knife and fork, and distributed among each six men a camp kettle, coffee pot and frying pan. Our division moved out of Tipton for Springfield, Missouri, October 21, 1861. We camped the first night on the prairie three miles north of Versailles, county seat of Morgan county, Missouri. When we were getting ready to break camp the next morning, the Orderly Sergeant re-

ported that Joseph Smith and George Hammond had had chills during the night, and unable to go forward; William Duckworth and E. S. Reynolds he said had the rheumatism too had to march. Reynolds had it so bad that he could not bare to be touched, nor could he turn over. We were compelled to go forward and leave them on the prairie. I was satisfied that Reynolds and Duckworth was playing off, but there was no time to parley with them, or test the matter.

I charged Smith, Hammond and Duckworth to stay with Reynolds until they could get him back to Tipton. Smith the only one of the four who was not really playing off, got the chills broke up in three or four days, attached himself to a supply train and came up to us at Springfield. He said that when the regiment got out of sight, that Reynolds got up and started back to Tipton, and walked at such a pace, that they could hardly keep up with him. When they got to Tipton, Reynolds did not report at the hospital as he should have done, but amuggled himself to St. Louis, and from there home.

The second night of our march we camped by the edge of a pin oak grove, five or six miles north of Cole Camp. There was a nice drove of hogs rooting in the grove, and as we had had nothing for the men to eat since we left Tipton, but sugar, coffee and hard-tack, I sent John Dunn and James Gray out to kill, dress and bring in a hog for my company. When they brought it in, the Orderly Seargent issued it regularly to the messes. The 15th Illinois was helping themselves freely to the pork, when the owner of the hogs went to Col. T. J. Turner of the 15th, and asked him to stop it. Col. Turner said that it must be the 14th men that were killing his hogs, as all the 15th men were honest. The man then came

to Col. Palmer and told what Turner had said. Palmer said that it must be the 15th men, as his men were not only honest, but they were pious as well, and that he would give the man \$30 if he could find a pound of meat of any kind inside of his lines. This bluffed the man, but Colonel Palmer started out through his regiment on a reconnoissance and discovered plenty of meat in company D, that resulted in a quarrel between the Colonel and Corporal R. E. Weisner, into which I was drawn, where there were some plain talk for a while. The Colonel insinuated that I was not as pious as I ought to be, while on my side I informed him, that he or any other man with common sense ought to know, that men could not march and carry their accoutrements and camp equipage twenty-five miles per day on coffee and hard-tack, that there was a large drove of cattle being drove after us, and if they had no butchers, to drive a beef up to the regiment every night, and the men would slaughter for themselves, and if this was not done, I would continue to help myself to meat for my men whenever I could find it. In the end the Colonel withdrew the offensive language to Weisner, and the row adjourned, but we had fresh beef furnished us at the end of every day's march after that. From thence forward the 15th Illinois was known as the "honest 15th" and the 14th as the "pious 14th." We broke camp early on the morning of the 24th, and when our road intersected the road from Sedalia, a little way north of Cole Camp, to the north of us two or three miles, General Pope's division could be seen on the prairie, we could mark the regiment by their flags, they presented a magnificent appearance as their flags proudly floated in the breeze, and their gun barrels reflected the sub-

29 light. In the evening we arrived and camped on the hills overlooking Warsaw,

The next day as we could not get across the river, our division and that of General Pope's lay in camp, I procured a pass and went into Warsaw. Pretty soon after I got into town, my attention was called to a man who was well dressed, had a finely shaped head, with a fine suit of black hair, his features were regular and of a pleasant cast, but he was swearing like a pirate, this seemed to be so at variance with his appearance, that I approached and asked what was the matter, after looking us over, he pointed his finger toward a grey-headed man, with a Federal uniform on and captain's straps on his shoulders, and said "Do you see that old mount-bank over there?" I said if you mean that grey-headed captain, yes. Well that man has been a poretge of mine for twenty years past, he is nothing to me, I liked him, why, I don't know; he seemed honest and good natured though shiftless, so for twenty years I have kept a roof over his head, but since these troubles have come on, the old scoundrel has taken \$6,000 worth of my stock and stuff, and turned it over to the Federals, and then he began swearing that they could not live in the same government. We told him that if he had staid at home as a law abiding citizen, and if that man had unjustly taken his property, there ought to be and doubtless was some way that he could be punished by law, but traitors had brought on war to break up the union of the States, and that the men who had precipitated the revolt, must not be surprised when they felt the iron heel of war. The government they were trying to break up was the best and most liberal one in the world, and the occasion under which you say this man has taken your property, would

not have arisen, if it had not been for traitors and treason. If he had been a loyal man and done all that he could to prevent secession and treason, he could prove it, and the government would re-emburse him for his losses, but if he had shated treason, the added expenses of putting down and armed rebellion, would be more than the aggregated worth of those engaged therein, and that the American people would not allow the Union broken up and the government destroyed, or the setting up of another government within her geographical bounds.

Up to this time we had had a good deal of sport out of the greasy, ragged, home-spun and hack woods appearance of the Missourians, and their surroundings, such as their negro linssey wooley apparel, rickety wagons, boney horses, chain traces, shuck collars and tow lines to drive with; we could tell a *Pake* as far as we could see them, but providence ordered that we should have a set back.

As we were marching through Hickory county—it was on Sunday—we came upon three or four of the greasiest and most slovenly looking women that had been our misfortune to see, standing by the roadside, dressed in the everlasting striped linssey woollen frocks; so greasy and slick that we could almost see our faces in them. As the head of the regiment came up to them, they seemed to become almost frantic with delight, they asked the men if they were not Illinoisans. They answered that they were from Illinois, we suppose that the boys instantly felt as they looked at their appearance, that they felt they were cast in a superior mold, and were made out of finer clay. Imagine the surprise in store, when they answered back, "we knowed that 'ons were from Illinois, case we are from Illinois."

While we lay at Warsaw Col. Palmer was appointed to the command of a brigade. On the morning of the 25, we crossed the Osage river and went into camp in a strip of timber on the South side. The 42d Illinois was camped near us, they were just from Chicago, their uniforms were new and clean, and in their glitter they looked upon us with sovereign contempt, because our uniforms were faded and rusty. Many of them had what was afterwards known to us under the name of the Tennessee quick step. A 52d boy insisted in leaving a kindly deposit at my tent, to which we had the most positive objections, and which resulted in a little episode, that convulsed the beholders with laughter. On the 27th we were marched seven miles south of Warsaw on the Buffalo road, and on the 28th we went eight miles further, and went into camp on Turkey creek, where we lay until the 2d of November, when we again broke camp and marched twenty miles. The next morning we got an early start. As we passed through Lewisburg the young ladies wore the stars and stripes for aprons, the men cheered them lustily, this pleased the girls so much that they presented Captain Littlefield of company F, with an apron; our Regimental Surgeon Dr. Allen came in for one. We stopped two miles north of Buffalo and ate dinner, after which we marched through Buffalo and eight miles south and went into camp, a march of twenty-five miles. We did not find the

citizens of Buffalo as patriotic as those of Lewisburg, indeed they seemed to be quite on the other side. 15

On the evening of the 3d of November, after marching twenty-five miles over rough roads, just at twilight, as Hunter's wearied division was preparing to get a good night's rest, a courier arrived with an order to move forward at once, that Price's army was advancing on Springfield and that the advance guard was already at Wilson's creek. Tired as we were there was no alternative but to obey orders. The night was intensely dark and we were in the spurs of the Ozark mountains. Through the weary hours of the night we stumbled along over the hilly, rocky rough roads.

About four o'clock of the morning of November 4th we came to the Pomme de Terre a swift mountain stream, where we were ordered to halt and await the coming of daylight. Officers and men were so weary that they threw themselves upon the ground for some rest. I was awakened by the shrill call of the bugle just as the sun began to dart his bright rays upon the clear and rapid waters of the Pomme de Terre. Fires were kindled, coffee was hastily made, and before the sun was an hour high we were on the move. During the day we dragged our weary frames along over the dusty road, the weaker and less hardy men falling out by the wayside,

31 until, when we went into camp, a mile and a half northwest of Springfield, my company was made up of myself, second lieutenant, orderly sergeant and six men. There were one or two companies that had barely enough muskets to stack arms. The men of the division were scattered by the wayside for twenty miles and many of them did not get in until the next evening. If Price had been advancing, as the friends of General Fremont were busy in reporting; men put through as we were would have been of very little service in an engagement. We had traveled sixty-five miles in two days and a night on three meals, and the last one nothing but a few hard crackers, and a little coffee, and when we arrived Price was at Pineville, fifty miles away, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. The whole thing was a ruse gotten up by a few partizan officers to try and fire the northern heart at the removal of a commander in the face of a foe and on the eve of a battle.

While we lay here, we with quite a number of officers, obtained leave to visit the battle field at Wilson's creek, which is about ten miles to the southwest of Springfield.

Lyon, with a portion of the army passed down the Cassville road, while Sigel with 1,500 men and a battery passed to the right of the Rebel army. Lyon on the 10th of August had passed before daylight up the left bank of Wilson's creek and obtained a position on its right bank to the

left front of the Rebel army, and just as the Rebels sat down to their breakfast, opened fire on them with a battery. Siegel, at almost the same moment, assailed them to the right. Without entering into details, after five hours hard fighting, notwithstanding the disaster to Siegel's column, the men under Lyon repulsed the Rebels along their whole front, until they burned their trains and commenced a rapid retreat from the battle field, and not one of them appeared in sight for more than three hours after the Union forces were marched off the field. This information came from a man who lived in the house on the Cassville road, that overlooks the battlefield, and the report of Major Sturgis that the army had no water since five o'clock on the evening before, and could not hope to get any until they reached Springfield, is untrue. There was a hole of water in Wilson's creek a fourth of a mile long, thirty feet wide, five feet deep, not more than 400 yards to the rear of where Lyon fell.

After a weeks stay at Springfield, the army under Hunter fell back to Rolla and the line of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

If it was unwise in Fremont in refusing to re-enforce Lyon so that he could hold Springfield, it was more unwise in Hunter to abandon it, because so doing discouraged the Union people so that all that could not get away with Hunter's army, gave into the disloyal sentiment. But the retrograde movement was made, and we got to our old camp ground at Tipton on

32 the 19th of November. On the 27th moved a mile north, and on the 29th went to Syracuse, and then went back and settled down at Tipton till December 18, when we went into camp on the left bank of the river, to the southwest of the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge, where we lay until the 7th of February, when we were ordered to Jefferson City.

While we lay in camp at La Mine bridge Gen. John M. Palmer formerly Colonel of the 14th, was placed in command of all the forces about Otterville.

On the 17th of December we moved up to Sedalia and formed the north line of the environment that forced the Rebel column 1,500 strong to surrender at the Black water, on the 18th.

Shortly after the return of the regiment to its camp at La Mine, our tent was burned down.

Seargent T. A. and Corporal R. E. Weisner and private A. J. Wooster messaged with me, we had two wall tents joined together for our convenience, the front one we used for a sitting room, the back one we used for a bed room. The middle seam in the front tent at the rear, was ripped and we brought the mouth of the back tent up to the rear of the front tent, and lashed the tent poles, extending the flies until they covered the point of the junction of the two tents complete. We portened the tent poles about six inches, the bottom edge of the tent was laid down on it, a trench a foot wide and eight or ten

inches deep was dug all around the outside of the tent, the dirt was thrown upon the poles that held down the edge of the tent. A trench two feet wide and a foot or eighteen inches deep was dug from the outside of the tent, so as to extend three feet on the inside of the tent. This trench except the eighteen inches on the inside was covered with flat rocks until it passed to the outside of the tent, the rock was then covered with dirt thoroughly packed down. On the outside a chimney was built and fire was built in the mouth of the trench under the rock on the inside of the tent that warmed it until it was almost as comfortable as a house. For the accommodation of those who wanted to go to bed early, a star candle would be lit and fastened to the upright tent pole on the front side of the tent; one night R. E. Weisner who was very fond of reading had sat up very late, and those who had gone to bed had left the candle in their rear tent burning for his accommodation when he should come to bed. The candle burned down into the wooden candle stick unobserved; the greasy pine burned up in a blaze, and before it was observed the whole top of the tent was on fire. The bed cloths and property of the men and officers were saved, but the tents burned to the ground in an incredibly short time. "Critenden's Picket Guard" a small paper announced in its next issue, that Captain Bryant's house on D street was burnt down.

On the 17th of December (as we have seen) our brigade was sent up to Warensburg to co-operate in taking in a detachment of Rebels, consisting of three Colonels, seventeen Captains, forty Lieutenants and over 1,000 men, their horses, arms, camp equipage and stores, which was handsomely done. The Rebels thought that they were slipping through the Federal lines unobserved. They went into camp in a grove a few miles south of Warensburg for the night. When they had settled down like a swarm of bees, the Federals under command of Jeff C. Davis surrounded them and demanded their surrender. When they saw how neatly they had been taken in and done for, while they were greatly surprised, they exercised discretion and gave up their project of visiting "Pap Price." They were not aware of the Federal movement until they were summoned to surrender. On the 4th of February, 1862, we did our last work in the trenches at Fort Lamine. As we marched out of our camp on the morning of the 7th, by where the 7th Missouri was camped, the weather was cold, the snow six inches deep, and whenever I got my feet cold it set me to coughing. I was coughing as we passed the 7th Missouri camp—one man called to his comrades and pointing at me as I marched at the head of my company, said "That old cock has got a bone yard caught."

We camped the first night half a mile east of Syracuse.

The mess known in the company, as the Irish brigade had got a quantity of that kind of pious fraud, that comes in black bottles labled "Log Cabin, Plantation" or "Stomach Bitters," to warm their nests with. Pretty soon after I laid down I heard a row at the tent of the Irish brigade I went up and found John Cunningham choaking Tom Whaley. I pulled him off and after lecturing them I left them with a promise that if there was any more disturbance, that I would put them all under arrest. I had not more than got warm under my blankets, until the row began again; when I got to their tent, to my surprise every man was laying down and appeared to be sound asleep. Of course I could do nothing only lecture them, and promise on the next outbreak to send a sergeant and squad of men to take them to the guard house, which I had to do.

The cause of the trouble was Mark Tracey, who was Tom Whaley's chum, Mark was good on drinking at other men's treats, but was very careful never to treat himself, for this mean freak, he was unpopular with the mess, and on this occasion he had drank himself lumber, and John Cunningham proposed that he would stand him on his head for the amusement of the mess, Tom Whaley objected to the exhibition, hence the row.

When we went into camp a mile west of Jefferson City on the evening of the 10th, an order was read from General Pope to

the regiment that if any officer or man was found in the city without a permit from his headquarters, they would be arrested by the Provost guards. I had taken a desperate cold and had been allowed for the last two nights before the regiment reached Jefferson City to get entertainment in houses near the regimental encampment. As the regiment approached Jefferson City I asked and obtained leave of the Lieutenant Colonel to go into the city for entertainment. Supposing it was all right with my commanding officer, I concluded to take the risk of being arrested by Pope's provost guards. Me and A. J. Worcester went down town and stayed all night at a hotel. When we came into camp next morning I was arrested by the Lieutenant Colonel for disobeying orders. I was surprised, but told the Lieutenant Colonel that he could not hurt a christian and submitted to it with the best grace that I could. Lieutenant McKnight had been promoted to the adjtancy of the regiment and Lieutenant Williams was at home, so Lieutenant Coe of company I, was detailed to command company D.

For some reason the officers and men of the regiment seemed to have become so demoralized as to have no respect for the authorities at regimental headquarters, and did pretty much as they pleased. When on the evening of the 12th, we received orders to proceed to the depot in the city to take the cars for St. Louis, it was said a hundred men were detailed to

proceed the regiment and form a chain guard around the depot to see that none of the men got away into the city on a spree. 41

It was just night as we arrived at the depot and as there was no trains or any appearance to indicate transportation. I with the boys who mess with me, A. J. Worchester, R. E. and T. A. Weisner, lay down on the platform for the night. It was not long until the provost guards began to bring in 14th boys until it looked as though all the regiment had got away notwithstanding the precaution of the chain guard. Those who were brought in were tipsy and they made things lively. Among them several company D, boys headed by H. H. Jennings were making night hideous. R. E. Weisner, who wanted to go to sleep asked if I could not silence them. We said we could if it was our put in, but as I am relieved from the command of the company I do not feel that I am responsible for any part of the discipline. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the regiment was awakened and put aboard the cars for St. Louis, where we arrived about the middle of the afternoon.

As we marched from the depot to the levee to go aboard the boat that was to transport us to Ft. Donelson, a good many of the boys fell out of ranks to have a night's fun and frolic, and a few took French leave and visited home. We went aboard the good steamer, Continental, on

34 the evening of the 13th. For some reason we lay all next day at the levee.

Col. Hall, who had been promoted to Colonel of the regiment arrived on the evening of the 14th, and took command on the 15th and at once relieved me from arrest. On the morning of the 14th, some of the company officers went away to the city early, thereby neglecting their men, so that they were without anything to eat all day. Company D, was neglected not because the Lieutenant was on a spree but because he saw that my arrest and his being placed arbitrarily in command was offensive to the company. When I became aware of the condition of my men, I went to the proper officers and explained the situation, drew rations and assisted the orderly sergeant to distribute them.

About midnight on the 14th, Albert Perkins of company D, who had been out in town during the day on French leave, became thirsty and in attempting to jump from the wheel house of our boat to that of one next the wharf, fell into the river. The current was strong and the ice was running so thick that it was nearly a half hour before he was taken out. He was so chilled that he was delirious. We wrapped him up in army blankets and held him by main force near the stove in the saloon of the vessel until re-action set in.

Perkins had always professed to be an infidel. When he came to he was evidently a little affraid that he had incurred my

displeasure and to cover up things as much as possible, and at the same time : **Molly** 47
me, he became quite loquacious. Addressing himself to me he said that when he fell into the water that he caught hold of the wheel of the boat and stuck to it like a leach and hollowed like a loon.

The boys told him that he need not play infidel any more. He wanted to know why? They told him that when he was taken out of the water and brought aboard the boat, that he had asked me to pray for him. They told him this so gravely and stuck to it so persistantly, that they made him begin to believe that it was so until he asked me whether it was true or not.

On the morning of the 15th, a man of company C, fell into the river, and when taken out was apparently dead, but was brought to after an hour's work. Whisky was the cause of both accidents.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th we started for "Dixie" and arrived at Cairo on the following morning, where we met a number of old acquaintances, among them were Capt. Bozarth, Lieut. Col. Dunlap, Lieut. Timmons and privates Jeff Dunn and Palmer. Here we saw the prisoners captured at Fort Henry and among them was Gen. Tillman, a fine looking man. We left Cairo for Fort Donelson at 4 p. m., and reached the mouth of the Cumberland river about daylight on the morning of the 17th. Before noon we met boats loaded with Rebel prisoners captured at Donelson. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before we reached Dover, the county seat of Stewart county, Tennessee, a half mile above Donelson. At 8 o'clock in the evening John Mytinger died of congestion of the brain. I had spoken to the doctor about him

34 several times during the day but he persisted that John was feigning. When I found that the doctor would not do anything for him, I put him into my berth and detailed his brother, B. F. Mytinger, to watch him. We remained aboard the steamer that night and landed next day on an island east of Dover and went into camp. As soon as our tents were pitched we buried Mytinger at the east end of the island, under a large Sycamore tree. Gen. Hurlbnt accompanied us to the grave and after the military salute had been fired into the grave, he stepped up and repeated the burial service of the Protestant Episcopal church and then made one of the neatest speeches appropriate to the occasion, we ever heard.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The lifelines of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps up on the mind;
No troubled thoughts at midnight haunt,
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

The shattered swords are red with rust,
Their pumed heads are bowed;
The haughty banner trailers in dust
Are now their martial shroud,
And, hushed funeral tears have washed
The stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are freed from anguish now.

Now, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the glory field.

Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And hundred eyes and hearts watch by
 The soldier's sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave!
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The heritage of your grave!
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While fame her record keeps
 Or honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

You faithful herald's throned stone
 With mournful pride shall tell,
 When many a sun-bled age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell!
 Nor woe nor change, nor winter's flight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom
 Shall mar one ray of glory's light
 That glides your deathless tomb.

When we got settled down at Donelson we examined the Rebel works, the ground around Dover is quite uneven, the hills were covered with timber and under brush, the position was one of great natural strength and was very carefully fortified with field works, rifle pits and abatises, we were surprised that the Rebels did not hold it against Grant, with the forces that they had. The little island on which we were camped became so muddy that we moved acrossed the river, and camped upon the ground of an ex-sheriff of Steward county, where the 14th Mississippi had camped; while he was a Rebel he told me that the 14th Illinois had respected his property rights, and treated himself and family better than the 14th Mississippi regiment had. While on this side of the river some of my men went back into the county two or three miles to get a meal's victuals, they were the first Yanks the women

had ever seen. They said, "we don't see" but what u'ons look like we'ons."

On Sunday, February 24th, I preached to the regiment. None were present who did not attend voluntarily. There were two hundred in the congregation. On the 25th we moved into the Rebel barracks at Fort Donalson. On the 26th we drew two month's pay. I was called up at midnight to talk and pray with private Night, of company A, who died at daylight on March 1st, and by request of the company officers I attended to the religious services at the burial as the chaplain was away some where.

The Rebels who had charge of Gen. Buckner's big Newfoundland dog gave him to R. D. Bibb, who gave him to me, and as I could not well keep or well send him home, I gave him to Col. Hall, who sent him to his home in Shelbyville, Illinois, but somebody poisoned him. We left Donalson for Fort Henry on the 5th of March. When we were about half way there, we went into camp. It snowed during the night and on the sixth we went on to Fort Henry and occupied the deserted Rebel barracks, but to our sorrow after occupying their barracks for one night we found that while the Rebels were gone, that they had left brigades of live gray backs behind, that drove us out. We were greatly disgraced to find that for some cause Gen. Grant had been practically relieved from command, and Gen. C. F. Smith put in his place to move the expedition up the river.

CHAPTER VI.

Up the Tennessee river. Grant's patriotic letter. Union men taken on board. A craker wants to surrender. At Savannah. Moralizing. Go into camp at Pittsburg Landing. Men drowned. Monotony of camp life. Old Sogers. Boat fired into. Death of comrades. Just before the battle. Company to ten. Billie Davison. Things look suspicious. Preliminary statement.

We think of how the companies and regiments were formed in 1861-64. The fifes and drums were playing in every village, patriotic songs and speeches were the order of the day, and all was excitement and enthusiasm. Men and boys wearing military uniforms, or wearing rosettes upon their citizen clothes, to show that they had just enlisted, were met upon every hand. They came from the loom and the forge, the plow and the anvil, the mine and the workshop, the farm and the factory, the store and the office, from prairie and forest, from mountain and valley, and, as they were enrolled by the officer of their respective States, they were sent into camp, and then, having passed the necessary examination by the surgeon, they were sworn into the service of the United States for three years or during the war. Then came a short visit at the State camp—awkward and unskilled officers attempting to teach these new troops the science of war. There was the manual of arms, squad drill, platoon drill, company drill, battalion drill, and last, but not least, the everlasting "awkward squad drill." Then there was guard mounting and dress parade, with martial music playing there, and saluting and presenting arms to the flag and all the pomp and the circumstance of war.

Then regiment after regiment and battery after battery of these raw troops, with but a few weeks, perhaps but a few days of such schooling—perhaps without any such camp experience—were hurried South to face great armies in the field in actual war.

When we look back now at this early period in our soldier life, it is laughable to think of the pride each man had in the particular organization of which he was a member. Every soldier

366 thought his company or regiment invincible and incomparably superior to any other organization in the field, and, after we had been in the service a few weeks, we looked upon ourselves as veterans, and looked down with contempt upon new comers as raw recruits, who were wholly unskilled in the great science of war.

With what miserable old smooth-bore guns the Government first armed us—things that were evidently made to kill, judging by the enormous bullets and quantity of powder and buckshot they carried. They would kill at both ends; but each and every one felt better satisfied and braver with one of those old muskets than he would now feel with a whole cannon.

HOW THE BOYS WENT SOUTH.

The boys went South in their uniforms. Each one had his heavy musket, his knapsack, his haversack, his canteen and his accoutrements, containing forty rounds of heavy ammunition. How much worry there was about that knapsack. How carefully it was packed and repacked. It was a horrid thing, made out of poor oil-cloth and shapeless; but each soldier figured upon the comfort it would contain, so essential and necessary to a life in camp. There was his change of underclothing, towels, toilet set, writing material, dress coat, overcoat, army blanket, rubber blanket or poncho and other things innumerable, so be packed in or fastened upon that knapsack. And these knapsacks were very cumbersome and loaded down the trains and steamers that carried the troops South.

The camp was at last established upon Southern soil and in the enemy's country and the soldier life had begun in earnest. These soldiers went out in picket guard with loaded guns, and

sometimes dead men were carried in from that picket line on stretchers.

Then came the first regular march of twenty miles or more in the enemy's country, and, long before camp was reached at night, there was not a knapsack in the entire command. The heavy loads, too much for a Christian to carry, were scattered along the line of march for miles. The boys kept their arms and accoutrements as their best and truest friends. They kept their haversacks and canteens. They wrapped the change of underclothing in the blanket and twisted it up in the shape of a coil in the rubber poncho, tied both ends of the coil together, and they wore the coil over one shoulder and under one arm, but the knapsack, the overcoat, the dress coats, and all the other thing innumerable were scattered along the road. Whenever a halt was ordered and the troops stopped a moment to rest you would see the boys sitting along the roadside engaged in mending the rents and rips in the shoddy clothing furnished them by the Government. Stragglers would fall out here and there in this short march, tired, foot-sore, and worn out, and they would drag their weary limbs into camp in charge of the rear-guard.

GOING INTO CAMP.

When camp was reached, always near water, the companies would stack arms in parallel lines the men would break ranks, sling down their loads, and the messes would group together and agree upon a division of labor. Then the company wagons came lumbering in and were unloaded (they carried company tents and cooking utensils). Some of the boys set up the tents in parallel lines corresponding with the stacks of arms, others made raids upon the nearest fence

falls and build great camp-fires, and others—the least tired and most venturesome—have already slipped outside the camp lines to confiscate chickens, sweet potatoes, and anything else that is eatable and available in the neighborhood. In a short time the boys get supper. This meal is composed of hard-tack and black coffee, and is, perhaps, seasoned by some dainties confiscated by the foragers. Then at nine o'clock in the evening the tattoo beats, the lights are put out, and silence settles over the camp; but all night long sleepless sentinels, at some distance from the camp and on every side, keep watch and ward over their sleeping comrades.

The relief guard passes around every two hours the grand rounds inspect the sentries after midnight, and so the night passes away. At dawn of day the reveille is played by the fifers and drummers upon the parade ground. Softly and slowly the music commences to the tune of "You old fool! You blind fool! And can't you ever see." And this music grows wilder and wilder faster and faster, winding up with "Yankee Doodle" in double quick time and ending with a crash, and every man must be in the ranks before the last note is played. How the boys would jump into their clothes and rush into their places in the company lines, every man taking his place according to his number—all being numbered off according to height.

THE DAILY ROUTINE.

Then the orderly sergeant would call the roll, commencing with the sergeants according to rank, then calling the corporals and then calling the privates' names in alphabetical order. The men being all present or accounted for, the companies break ranks and the messes get their break-

fast. In a little while the music plays again: this time it is the "sick call," and a sergeant in each company gathers the sick together and takes them to the surgeon's quarters. Here they are examined and given prescriptions upon the hospital steward for medicine, and, if very ill, they are excused from duty. Soon the music plays again; this time it is guard mounting and policing the camp. A new guard, consisting of details of men from each company, forms upon the parade ground, and after considerable maneuvering, marching and countermarching, presenting arms, and inspection of arms, and cartridge boxes, goes out to relieve the old guard and to watch the camp for another twenty-four hours. Then in a short time comes company drill and skirmishing. Now there is a rest. The men get

dinner. In a short time more music, and now they have battalion drill for three or four hours. This is the hardest kind of hard work. Crowds of men, heavily armed, are rushing here and there in all kinds of military formations. Another rest for a little while. It is now near evening and the music plays again; this time it is for a dress parade, and the boys must wear white gloves, must have their shoes polished, and their buttons and buckles must shine like gold and their gun barrels must gleam like silver. The regiment forms in line upon the parade ground, and the color-bearer with the colors, escorted by the color-guard, by the full regimental band, and by one company, marches down in front of the center of the regiment and the dress parade goes on.

ON THE MARCH.

This is soldier life from day to day. Sometimes in camp for weeks, sometimes upon the

37 march for weeks, sometimes forced marches of forty miles or more—marches consuming both night and day. Sometimes there is a period of short rations—one-half rations to one-fourth rations—when one day's food must last a man four days. Then, as time goes on and the army gets further away from its base of operations, the wagons are required to haul commissary stores and ammunition, and the company tents are left behind, and the boys are without any shelter save the little piece of canvas, about a yard wide and two yards long, that each man now adds to his load. Two comrades fasten their strips of canvas together and make shelter tents, or dog tents. The troops are wading through hayous and swamps, marching under a sultry sun in a choking dust, cutting down trees to make corduroy roads, digging trenches, sleeping in the water, improperly fed, poorly clothed, with practically no shelter, loaded down with more than their frail shoulders could carry, and worn out with marching, is it any wonder the weary boys died in camp, died on the march and became the prey of the swamp fevers?

LETTERS FROM HOME.

How the faces would light up with joy, "with smiles on the lips and tears in the eyes," when they received letters from home. When we looked back at them in memory we see that there were all kinds of boys in the army, and that the army was composed principally of young fellows. There were boys who had been household pets, boys who loved their homes and friends, boys who carried testaments that they would read in camp, boys with sweethearts back at home, boys as innocent and free from sin as angels of light, boys with tender and true hearts all unfit for hard war.

It was not for the paltry pittance of \$13 per month they sacrificed their lives. It was not for money. It was because they loved their country and its history and they loved their country's flag, and that flag, as their country's emblem, became dearer to them every day. We must remember that it was the boys in the ranks that put down the rebellion. They had no ambition for a soldier's life. They sought not for a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. They knew too well that the groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye turned back within its socket, would reward the rank and file by thousands, while the rest might win, perhaps, a ribbon at the breast.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

At last they arrived close to where the enemy was in force. They all had the same feeling that you have had when a battle was imminent. It was a strange, thrilling feeling, a feeling that you were standing near the verge of the grave. There was fear that you could not endure the terrible ordeal, dread that you might not be able to do your whole duty. There is rapid marching, troops are massing, cavalry are going up in front, lines of battle are hurriedly formed, batteries of artillery rush into position, the lines move forward some distance, they hear straggling shots away in front, and now there is a scattering volley and they know the cavalry have found the position of the enemy. Perhaps it's across that open field in the heavy timber. Now the cavalry are sent to the rear or to guard the flanks, the infantry skirmishers are in front and there is deadly work upon the skirmish line. The shots are now following each other in quick succession, skirmishers come into the line of battle pale and bleeding, some with shattered arms

37 or otherwise desperately wounded, and now the skirmishers in a body all come in on a run and take their places in the line of battle. No, not all; some are lying out there on the skirmish line and they will never hear the bugle call again.

The soldiers in the line of battle have by this time taken off their haversacks and the rolls containing the blanket and poncho and piled them up in heaps; these things are too cumbersome to fight in, and they may never need them again, but they keep their canteens—they will need the water if wounded. They open their cartridge boxes and there is a moment of suspense. The faces are all white as death along the line; there is a sinking feeling of the heart, a catching of the breath; many a silent prayer is going up to the God of battle, not asking him to spare their lives—that is not a soldier's prayer—they know that some must die and they are not selfish enough to ask that their lives may be spared. They pray that they may have courage to do their whole duty, and they pray the All-wise Father to guard and care for the dear ones at home.

THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

There is an advance by one side or the other, there is a crashing discharge of thousands of guns, a continuous, thunderous, unbroken roar, with the deeper, heavier booming of cannon beating as an accompaniment, shot and shell are tearing through the ranks; then, perhaps, there is a rush by one side or the other with fixed bayonets, and a shrill charging yell, a wild thrilling yell, a continued piercing shriek that was never heard by mortal ear except in battle. This shriek is broken and drowned out by another roar of musketry and a crash of grape and canister shot, and our point is won or lost, and a

field is covered with dead and dying men. Glorious forms made in the image of God are terribly mutilated and torn. Groans of agony are breaking from palid lips, the dew of death is glistening upon many brows, eyes so bright and brave a moment ago are rapidly glazing now. The idols of many peaceful and once happy homes are lying here. The last thought, perhaps, is of some dear mother, some aged father, some beloved wife, some darling child that will never hear its father's voice again, or perhaps of some sweetheart in that far away home; and then the spirit goes out into the unknown—out into eternity.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Then, if the battle is over—this may be but the commencement of it—the wounded are tenderly carried under the shade of the trees, where the surgeons are operating with probe and lancet, with knife and saw. Then there is the burying of the dead; there are no coffins, there is no bathing, no preparing the body for the grave, no funeral ceremony; the boys are laid in their bloody clothes side by side, perhaps in some shallow ditch, perhaps on top of the ground, some earth is piled upon them, no monument is erected above them, but they are left in unknown and unmarked graves until the judgment day. And those who have survived and received their baptism of fire—a baptism that was holy, and perhaps more sacred, more solemn, perhaps bringing them nearer to God than any baptism of church or creed, because it was a sacrifice, an offering of life for principle and right upon the altar of their country, a baptism in which they were sprinkled with blood—even with the blood of the bravest of the brave.

Their experience varied. Some went home early, maimed or diseased, to die at the old homestead; some went out among us crippled for life; many were slain in battle; some were captured and doomed to linger, starve and die in Rebel prison pens; some were slain in the treacherous ambush and some upon the picket line; many died from swamp fever, and some from pure home sickness. And some survived it all to come home again. But many, very many of the bravest and truest never, never came back at all. Their regiments came home shattered, decimated with torn and blood-stained banners. A regiment that had marched away twelve hundred strong at the commencement of the war, returned with perhaps only one hundred of the original members. Where are all the rest of the bright brave young faces that marched away so gaily at the beginning of the war? There are mothers, sisters sweethearts, wives, and children looking on with tears in their eyes, but they cannot see their dear ones. They will never see them again until the graves give up their dead!

On the 5th of March Gen. Grant received Gen. Hallock's order of the 4th, to turn the command of the expedition up the river over to General C. F. Smith and remain himself at Fort Henry, while General Smith stands high as a soldier, there is an unusual affection among

the soldiers for Grant, and there is many a sad heart to-night because of his displacement.

The following letter shows that Grant is undoubtedly loyal and has the ring of true patriotism in him.

"GALENA, ILL., April 19, 1861,

DEAR SIR:—I have but very little to write, but, as in these exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must take time. We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are indeed startling, but now is the time, particularly in the border slave States, for men to prove their love of country. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the Republican party, but now all party distinctions should be lost sight of and every true patriot be for maintaining the glorious old stars and stripes, the constitution and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the Rebels may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The Government can call into the field not only 75,000 troops, but ten or twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give their own time or of their abundant means. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the southerners have been the aggressors, and the Administration has stood purely on the defensive—more on the defensive than she would dared to have done but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end. The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the other border slave States this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of

38 Eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burthen of the war for her guilt. In all this I can but see the doom of slavery. The north do not want, nor will they want, to interfere with the institution, but they will refuse for all time to give it protection unless the South shall return soon to their allegiance, and then, too, this disturbance will give such an impetus to the production of their staple—cotton—in other parts of the world that they can never recover the control of the market again for that commodity. This will reduce the value of the negroes so much that they will never be worth fighting over again. I have just received a letter from Fred (Frederick Dent, Jr.) He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a union of two States fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve he will go it alone. This is not his language, but it is the idea, not so well expressed as he expresses it. Julia and the children are all well and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another heir, with some novel name that I have forgotten.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT."

On the evening of March 6th we were informed that we were ordered up the river six miles to Bell's farm to take boats and ascend the river. The water at Henry was over the banks and it was very difficult to load boats at that point. It was the 8th before we broke camp for Bell's farm. We got away in good time on the morning of the 8th, but the roads were so bad that we did not reach there until noon. On the

10th of March we went aboard the D. A. January and moved up the Tennessee river to the Chattanooga, St. Louis, Ohio and Mississippi railroad bridge, where our boats fell in just below those that were occupied by Gen. Smith's division, and here we lay for two days. As we moved up the river on the 12th we were hailed by some twenty young men whom we took on board. They were keeping out of the way of the conscription officers who were scouring the country and forcing all able-bodied young men into the Rebel army. These were Union men and were exceedingly glad to join us. Just before we came in sight of Savannah we saw a man coming out of a cane-brake on the west side of the Tennessee river, with a white handkerchief raised on a cane. Our boat put into shore to find out what was wanted. He said he wanted to surrender. This announcement was greeted with a hearty cheer by the men. When we arrived at Savannah we found sixty boats already there with men and munitions of war aboard. As we lay tied up at the shore on the east side of the river and saw the early vegetation beginning to spring up in the beautiful sunshine it seemed a desecration of everything sacred for the sections of this great, glorious, and once united and happy country to be warring with each other, especially when we considered that it was brought on by a determination to nationalize and perpetrate African slavery, that Mr. Waeley said more than a century ago, was the sum of all villainy.

John and William Duckworth who went into hospital as soon as Fremont's campaign to Southwest Missouri commenced, after they heard of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the cry that came with it, from the hopeful and inexperienced that the back bone of the Rebellion was broken, started immediately to join the company. We

had gone on up to Pittsburg Landing, and Surgeant Clark had been detailed for service in the Quartermaster's department and had been sent to Cairo where he met them. They applied for subsistence and transportation. Clark told them that he would get it for them as we were going to have the biggest fight at Corinth that had ever been on the continent, and needed all the men we could get. They immediately applied for and got discharged. \$5 in a Doctor's eye would make him ~~see~~ disability.

During the 14th and 15th, boats arrived rapidly. On the evening of the 15th Dr. D., the quack who allowed John Mytinger to die and would do nothing for him, returned. We hoped when he left us at Donelson that we had seen him for the last time until we should see him turn toward a southern clime at the last judgment. Sunday, the 16th we heard of General Curtiss' victory at Pea Ridge over the combined armies of Price. VanDoran and McCollough. Two men, one from the Hiawatha and the other from the White Cloud, fell overboard, and were drowned in the Tennessee river, before help could reach them. It seemed terrible to see them borne away by the current that was running like a race horse as they struggled and gesticulated to us for help, and then see them go down for ever.

On the 17th we crossed to the west side of the river for the men to dry their blankets. That day the White Cloud that had been down the river was fired into by Rebels from the bank as she came up. Two men were killed and one wounded. On the 18th we moved up to Pittsburg Landing, on the west side of the Tennessee river. From all we could gather we judged that the great battle of the war was to be fought in

this neighborhood, somewhere between Eastport and Chattanooga. Rumor said that the Bowling Green, Manassas and Columbus forces are being massed at or between the points named.

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Wednesday, 19th, we carried all our equipage ashore, up a very high, steep hill, at Pittsburg Landing, and went into camp on the ground where the Rebels were trying to erect a battery, on the 5th of the month, but our gunboats, the Lexington and Tyler, pitched into them and they left.

On the 20th we moved out southwest a mile and camped in a beautiful place. The peach and dogwood trees are in bloom and the briar bushes are putting out leaves. It commenced to rain and sleet on the 21st, and I put in the time reading a book published by the American tract society, called the "Night of Toil."

Stewart's brigade of Sherman's division was on the Hamburg road to Purdy, at the crossing of Lick creek. Prentiss' division was a mile to the west of Stewart along the Purdy and Hamburg roads, that intersects what is called the upper and lower Corinth roads at their junction near the church. Sherman's left extended a few hundred yards east of Shiloh, and west to where the Purdy roads crosses Owl creek. McClelland was between Sherman and Hurlburt. Hurlburt's division extended from the lower Corinth road on the east to the upper Corinth road west, while W. H. L. Wallace's broke back from Hurlburt's right toward Snake creek and the landing.

I think from this point I can give the general reader a better idea of the general situation by extracts from my diary, than in any other way.

March 23, 1862. Did not write anything in my diary yesterday, because there was nothing new to write. To-day we were reviewed by General Grant who has been restored to command.

38 we have been in camp at this point for nearly two weeks with the same scenery to look at, and the same routine of camp-life and duty to go through with each day, and it becomes exceedingly monotonous, and this review has relieved that. There must be 25,000 or 30,000 men in this army, judging from the men in line to-day, they made a fine appearance.

March 25, 1862. The day is bright and beautiful, we are still here in camp. The boys are anxious for a forward move, but it is said that we are to wait here until Buell comes up. The boys think that he is so slow that there is a possibility that McClelland may get in his work at Richmond, and close the war out before Buell gets here and they go home and never see a battle. They need not be alarmed on that score, it would not be a very great surprise if the Johnnies should visit us most any day. Our regiment believes, and the brigade which is made up of the 14th, 15th and 46th Illinois Infantry, and the 25th Indiana Infantry, is absolutely certain that they can clean out Beauregard's army. After they have had one set too with the Johnnies, they won't be half so keen to fight, nor half as confident of their powers. I remember that I thought and felt that way about the Mexicans, until I went through Buena Vista, and we are going to find ~~one~~ Johnnies is quite as much as we will want to handle on an average.

March 29, 1862. Col. Hall took companies C, E, I, and G, and went on a reconnoissance up the river.

March 30, 1862. Preached by invitation for Co. 2d Illinois. While preaching a messenger came from Co. K, 14th Illinois, for me to return and attend the funeral of one of their men who died last night. I attended it at 3 p. m. Two

seriers have just came in, they report the Rebel force at Corinth 150,000 strong. I find that Gen. Veatch and his staff, think that the men have been sent into our lines to spread false reports. They think that the Rebels can't have over 50,000 men at Corinth.

April 4, 1862. We are still in camp about half way between the steam boat landing and Shiloh church. A man by the name of Case of Co. B, died last night, and the brigade band is now proceeding the corpse to the grave, playing the dead march. The chaplain has got back so I do not have to attend to the religious part of the burial. Every day we hear in some direction the three volleys, the last tribute of respect to some soldier, who away from home, away from wife and child it may be, and certainly he has died away from father and mother, and the home of his childhood. Oh, the curse of slavery that has brought on this cruel war. A just God intends that the worth of the slave shall be drawn from the government who for fifty years has winked at the injustice and oppression on the sooty son of Ham, and as the task master has marked, branded and whipped them until their poor flesh has quivered with pain and anguish. So the American people are to be baptized in blood and anguish up to the measure of their suffering. While these men are offering up their lives a loving sacrifice for the preservation of the Federal Union and the priceless horn of liberty which the revolutionary fathers bequeathed us, it is no less a sacrifice which infinite justice demands of us, because of our disregard to the "Declaration of Independence," and the preamble to the Federal Constitution.

How sad it is to stand and watch the measured tramp and hear the tramp, tramp of those who carry away our dead comrades to their last resting place.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum and roll has beat
The soldier's last to "go!"
No more on life's pathway shall meet
That brave and fallen few;
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And memory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of to-morrow's strife,
The warrior's dread alarms,
No braying horn or screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sancted dead,
Dead as the dead e'er gave.
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
On her o'ershadowing the hallowed spot
Where a valor proudly sleeps.

April 5. Last night just after dark there was a heavy firing to the west and south of Shiloh. After ten or fifteen minutes of heavy firing all became still. we were called into line, and the regiment moved some distance in the direction of General Harburn's quarters when we were met by an orderly and ordered back to camp. Yesterday everything was astir in Sherman's division, as if they were expecting something. The mouths of general officers are sealed as tight as an oyster can. We thought sure our time had come last night and that the men penchant for a fight would be satisfied. For ourselves we never felt more like fight-



